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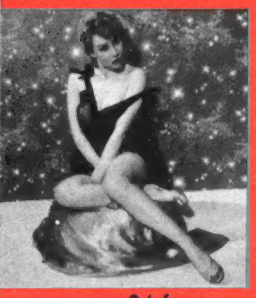
IN THIS ISSUE...

SUNKEN TREASURE!

In addition, you'll find another sunken treasure yarn by veteran salvor Lt. Harry E. Rieseberg, who has probably explored more bottom-of-the-sea ships than any other man in the world. After reading his "The Murdering Mutineers and the Lost Treasure of the Vineland" (on page 16) you'll probably feel like breaking out your skin-diving equipment and heading for the deep water.

ADVENTURE

Chance often plays an uncanny role in the lives of men. It was pure chance and coincidence that led adventurer Richard Hulme into the mountains of forbidden Tibet just at the time the Dalai Lama was making his spectacular flight from the Chinese Reds into India. Hulme was destined to play a leading part in that escape. Don't miss his own story of hair-breadth adventure "We Helped the Dalai Lama Escape" on page 32 of this issue.



SPECIAL SPICE-CAKE FEATURE

Turn to page 24 for our special girl and laugh-loaded "Pot-pourri of Pleasure."

PLUS TOP PICTORIAL, FICTION, MEDICAL AND CRIME FEATURES

Every man—single, married, or about-to-be married—should read Dr. Abraham Stone's important article "The Prevention of Conception" on page 56. In it one of the world's foremost authorities on birth control tells all you need to know about the latest contraceptive devices.

Yes, you'll find all this—and much more—in this month's jam packed issue of CAVALCADE.

Bill Guy

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BILL GUY, *Editor* **ARTHUR BERNHARD**, *Publisher* **ALAN SILLS**, *Art Director*

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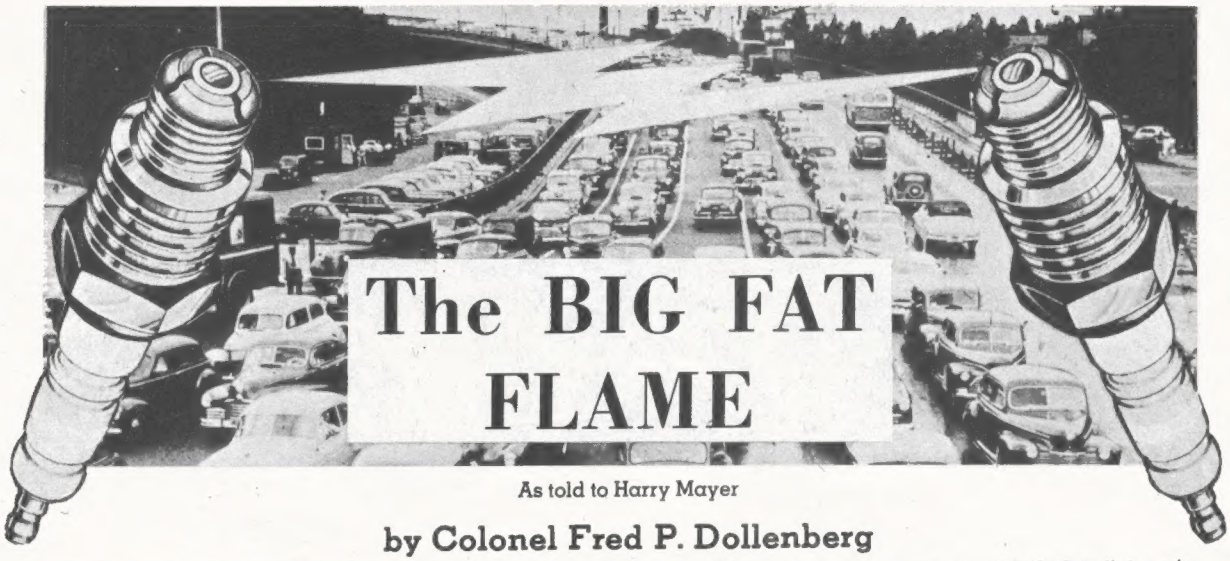
(Cover illustration courtesy U.S. Navy Department, Combat Art Section)
(Photo on page 13 specially posed by professional models)



The BIG FAT FLAME

As told to Harry Mayer

by Colonel Fred P. Dollenberg

We were stuck in the busy mid-Manhattan street. Behind us the traffic piled bumper to bumper, horns screeching indignantly. The colonel leaned over to our cab driver. "What's wrong?" he asked.

The cabbie pointed with his cigarette to the car in front, "Look."

We did. The car ahead of us — a shiny 1959 model — had stalled and the starter clattered endlessly with that empty metallic sound that you know in advance is not going to make the motor catch. Twisting the ignition key in helpless fury, the unfortunate motorist at the same time was exchanging uncomplimentary opinions with the drivers of the vehicles snarled behind him. At length he piled out of the car, wrenched at the hood, and looked fiercely at the inert engine. To no one in particular, but as though to vindicate himself to his tormenters, he shouted: "I just know it's those damned spark plugs. Only two thousand miles and already they're shot!"

Startled, I turned to my companion. "Colonel," I demanded, "is this a plant?" He stared back at me, then he got it and he began to laugh. So did I, in a moment, and there we were in this taxicab, stalled between skyscrapers and going no place, roaring as though we'd never stop.

Spark plugs! That was the joke. The colonel and I were on our way to his downtown office where I was scheduled to interview him for a magazine story. The subject — spark plugs.

You see, Col. Fred Bollenberg is the inventor and manufacturer of a device which is designed to allow automobiles to run **without** spark plugs!

Later, sitting in his top floor office, with the drapes parted to reveal the exciting lower Manhattan skyline, I got a more leisurely look at the colonel. I wondered and asked about his smashed nose, — the war maybe? — and he smiled and said no, just an opposing tackle with a very hard head. Dollenberg was an All-American mention at St. Joseph's in Philadelphia before he joined the Army Air Force as an engineer immediately after graduation. After war was declared against Japan and Germany, he saw enough action to later receive the Inquirer Hero Award as Philadelphia's most decorated flyer, succeeding a similar award to Marine hero Al (Pride of the Marines) Schmid. For a time he was personal pilot for Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Evidently there was considerable brilliance to this young fighter; he started the climb up to the brain brass, and some of the military manuals he was charged with preparing are still used by the Air Force. (Only part of this did I drag out of Dollenberg. Indeed it was a newspaper file which informed me that the colonel was a triple ace!)

It was while Dollenberg was in command of a task force of seasoned P-40 pilots that a grim incident took place which set the then Capt. Dollenberg off on his restless search for perfection. A young ace, coming in safe and sound from a mission where he had gone through murderous enemy fire, never made it to his safe hut a few hundred yards away. He nosed a bit too low — no engine power to get the plane up quickly — and the trees that lay just short of the runway caught the plane and pilot and crashed both. Dollenberg was horrified at the accident and at the paralysis of fatalism that seemed to settle on the shoulders of officers and enlisted men alike in the face of a tragedy so senseless. . . . After all, it seemed to say, it is true, isn't it, that more planes are lost through engine failure than are brought down by the Japs? You had to expect such things — and accept them. . . . But Dollenberg couldn't accept it. Not when the cause of this type of accident could be ripped out of the engine.

"Plug failure?", I asked. He nodded, shortly. "This tragedy and others, too. Too many others. Did you know that spark plugs were invented more than 40 years ago for engines whose limit was 20 miles an hour? These very same spark plugs — and that they haven't been changed an iota since? Can you imagine a 2000 horsepower motor depending for ignition on a skinny little spark that had been intended to help Grandpa toot around the square on a Sunday afternoon? Well, that's what these boys had under their P-40 hoods." The accident had started him off on his search, I supposed, and again he nodded. It hadn't been an easy journey. Apathy, defeatism—a young enthusiasm will always encounter these. I've done many success interviews, and it's a rare success that has been a joyride. Dollenberg spent long hours off duty working on the problem of the antiquated spark plug, but when the war ended he still hadn't cracked it. Returning to a young wife and family the colonel organized a non-scheduled commercial airline and operated it for 3 million miles, even introducing gliders for the first time in commercial aviation.

If it hadn't been for some weight-throwing on the part of one of the larger airlines which had

(continued on next page)

"The spark plug was invented more than 40 years ago. For the last 20 years it has not been doing an adequate job. The U. S. Navy and Air Force knew this only too well. I was commissioned to replace the spark plug with a modern efficient ignition system. I succeeded — with the Lectra Fuel Igniter. *The Navy accepted it* and took the spark plugs out of their aircraft *replacing them with the prototype of our Lectra Fuel Igniter. Today this extraordinary invention is replacing spark plugs in tens of thousands of automobiles throughout the country. By 1961 every car made will carry fuel igniters not spark plugs"* . . . Col. Fred P. Dollenberg, U.S. Air Force, from a speech at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, January 8, 1958.

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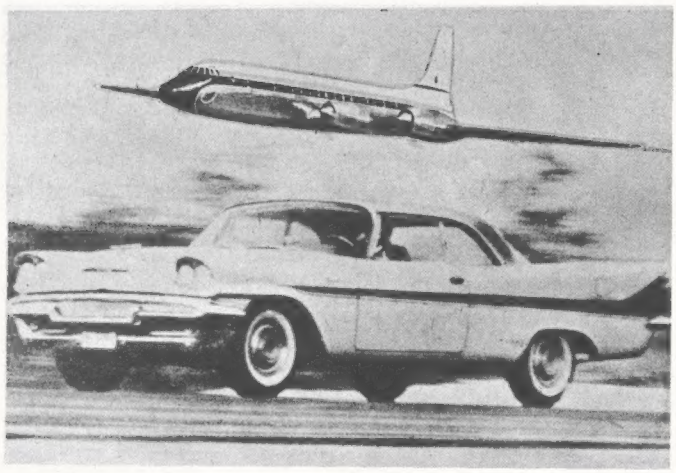

begun to smart under the irritating competition it was getting from the Dollenberg outfit, the young man would undoubtedly have succeeded in commercial aviation and this particular story wouldn't have been written. But as it was, Dollenberg was forced out of business on the sort of technicality that somehow seems always to crop out against the small business, not the big. He had to sell.

Well, there he was – with a little money left from the debacle, a family, and a living to make for them. He turned his attention once more to the anachronism of modern engines – the spark plug. Starting again from scratch,he reviewed the problem.

"It's really quite simple," said Col. Dollenberg. "An engine provides power for a vehicle because gasoline, sprayed into the cylinder, is ignited by a spark. When ignited the gasoline burns pushing the piston down into the cylinder. The more complete the burning of the gas the more force in the cylinder. The more force, the more power. Obviously, therefore, the larger the spark the more gas ignited and burned. What we were after was a much larger spark, **a big, fat flame!**"

"And the conventional spark plug can't provide it?"

"No, it cannot. Every mechanic knows that."

"And the kid in the plane?"

"The P-40? What killed him was insufficient fire – a spark too skinny to ignite sufficient gas to give the engine instant power to climb up and over those trees."

"Why can't the spark plug give a fat spark?" I persisted.

The colonel spoke simply. "Because of its basic design. Every spark plug has an **air gap** – .025 to .035 of an inch – and the spark is no larger than the gap. No larger did I say? Only when the plugs are brand new is the spark even as large! Carbon forming immediately as the plug is put into use begins fouling, then ruining, the tip. The thin wire electrodes begin to wear away. The danger – and enormous expense – of this obsolete mechanism lies in these factors."

The answer to the spark plug was an igniter which had no airgap – which contained no wire electrodes – whose tip would not foul – which would not blow out even at the highest compressions . . . **which would never need a replacement for the life of the motor.**

Colonel Dollenberg went to Washington.

The Navy didn't accept him with open arms. The principle – fine! Let's see it work. And Dollenberg made it work. After the most exhaustive tests, he knew he was in. . . . Out went the spark plugs. The LS-702 Prototype was approved for U. S. Navy jet engine use; the Air Force followed suit.

If that had been it, it still would have made a good story – the revolutionary change that a former fighter pilot had effected in military aircraft. But that wasn't all. Dollenberg turned to the field of automobiles.

For more than 40 years the old fashioned spark plug had been the standard gas igniter for every car made. During that time engine power had soared from less than 20 horse to more than 300. Every year the puny spark plug with its skinny little flame became less able to do its job. The new high compression engines were now burning out spark plugs in a few thousand miles of driving. In 1957 Americans paid more than 500 million dollars merely to replace wornout spark plugs. To provide what spark plugs could not do, the big oil companies began to produce super and then super-super gas – at super prices! Not only were car owners spending a huge sum for plugs each year – they were also spending a fortune in premium gas for the privilege of keeping spark plugs in their engines. And even at that they were not getting their money's worth, as the new cars they bought very soon became sluggish ones.

If ever there was a call for a modern, efficient ignition mechanism to go with the modern automobile, this was it. Dollenberg heard the call. He marketed the LECTRA FUEL IGNITER!

There were problems. Little ones like designing the Igniter in the same size and shape as the conventional spark plug they were to replace. And big ones such as getting a small voice heard in the towering wilderness of the Detroit automobile kingdom. Dollenberg was helped by the shrewdness of fleet operators whose business depended upon efficiency and economy. Taxicabs running triple-shift around the clock installed the Fuel Igniter and reported a 10-20% increased gas mileage per car! Truck owners followed suit – and then the motorist. In less than 12 months, sales of the Lectra Fuel Igniter zoomed into the million dollar stratosphere!

I asked Dollenberg about the Lectra advertising claim that had jolted motorists all over the country. "Colonel, you've made the guarantee that LECTRA FUEL IGNITER will save a car owner $100 a year or that you will take back the igniters and refund their money. How do you arrive at that one hundred dollars figure?"

"It's based on the average of 10,000 miles of driving in one year. First there will be a saving of from $10 to $12 a year in eliminating spark-plug cleaning, gapping, and adjusting at 5,000 miles, replacement at 10,000 miles."

"Does that mean that the Fuel Igniter will need no cleaning or replacing for a whole year?"

"It means that the Fuel Igniter will **never** have to be cleaned or replaced! I mean that we guarantee that **it will outlast the life of any car!** Not only that: we are also guaranteeing that the Fuel Igniter will squeeze up to **6—maybe 8—more miles out of every gallon of gas purchased** the first year and every year—or we will replace them free until they do. That's a saving of $40 per year. And it will do this using **regular gas**—economy gas—not the super gas bought at such walloping prices. That means a saving of $50 each year. And the Igniters will do this every year of the car's life – they improve with age. **They never wear out!"**

As Dollenberg talked I drew up a chart. You can see it at the bottom of this page.

I said to Dollenberg, "Colonel, to a person like myself—a guy who drives a car well but knows next to nothing about its mechanism—who's always felt the car runs better after it's had a wash—how will I know right away I've really got something after I've switched from spark plugs to Fuel Igniters?"

The colonel twinkled at me in sympathy. "I've always felt it a pity they don't teach mechanics to all school children. I think I know just how you feel. Anyway – very seriously – please listen to this: The first time you press the starter after you've installed the Igniters (very simple – by the way), you'll hear and feel an instant clean throb of the starter and an immediate even roar of the engine. I tell you, you'll be astonished. Even on the coldest morning you'll get a thrill, listening to your motor kicking over instantly and then settling quickly into a smooth purr. As for stalling in traffic, like that fellow did this afternoon, that won't happen to you. Stalling is almost always traceable to a faulty spark—and the Igniter will not fault. Climbing and passing? Even a big 325 horsepower car can and does falter on a hill or when it tries to pass if suddenly the spark plugs aren't burning sufficient gas. That won't happen to you. Instead you'll climb and pass more

HOW MOTORISTS ARE SAVING $100 A YEAR

	SPARK PLUGS	LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS	SAVINGS
Cleaning, Gapping, Replacing	several times a year	never	$10 per year
Gas Consumption	600 gallons	465 gallons	$40 per year
Additional cost of premium gas	$50 a year	not a cent	$50 per year
		TOTAL SAVINGS =	$100 per year

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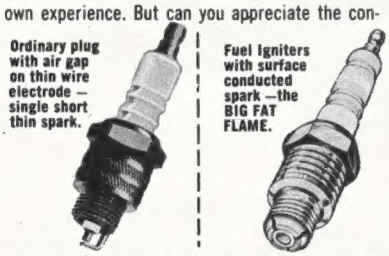
swiftly than you've ever known because you'll be burning gas, not wasting it. You've heard about the simple exhaust test? Try it. First, with the spark plugs in place, let the engine idle and stuff a ball of white absorbent cotton into the mouth of the exhaust. It will come out soaking with **unused** gasoline. Then try it with Igniters replacing the plugs. The cotton ball will be almost dry. The gas **burned** instead of escaping through the exhaust. Or here's something else. Again with spark plugs in the car, go into gear – or in drive if you have an automatic transmission. Don't touch the accelerator. Now note how much the car moves forward – if at all. Then unscrew the plugs and replace the Igniters. If you stood still with spark plugs you'll move forward from 4 to 6 miles an hour with the Igniters while not touching the gas pedal! The gas that was required with spark plugs in your car merely to idle your motor without being able to move it forward, carries you forward up to six miles an hour with Igniters in the engine! One more final thing–with spark plugs a car must be looked over and adjusted several times a year. You know that from your own experience. But can you appreciate the concept of **never, never** having to remove or change spark plugs because you don't carry any? The concept of Fuel Igniters becoming **permanent** installations in your engine – for the life of your engine?


Ordinary plug with air gap on thin wire electrode – single short thin spark.
Fuel Igniters with surface conducted spark –the BIG FAT FLAME.

"Yet, with all this – believe it or not – I still haven't fully answered your question . . . How you'll use more air and less gas . . . the savings on your battery . . . increased RPM . . . how carbon – the enemy of spark plugs – actually increases the efficiency of Fuel Igniters. But what I've tried to say is that the spark plug is as inferior to the Fuel Igniter as the wagon is to the modern automobile. And just as out-dated. Auto mechanics know this now. The ordinary motorist is learning about it fast."

"One last question: What about Detroit, Col. Dollenberg? Do you feel you're fighting a crusade?"

Dollenberg looked out of the window, out into the dusk of the city. There was a reflective quietness about him as he thought of his reply. Then he said: "No, we don't believe we're fighting the big spark plug manufacturers. Oh, there's bound to be a competitive fight soon because it's a matter of only a short time before these giants will all scrap their investments in the obsolete spark plug and turn to the manufacture of fuel igniters. Meanwhile – to put it quite candidly – there is, of course, that huge investment in stocks of spark plugs to liquidate and while the big fellows are attempting to unload, LECTRA will be booming along." The grin came out again as he said: "I hope they take their time about it. At the rate we're going we'll be big enough to take care of ourselves shortly."

I got up to go, convinced that Dollenberg's quiet confidence was well-founded. The product and the man were right for each other. Here's an incident which impressed me. A short time ago, LECTRA ran a mail order advertisement in the sober New York Times. One of the replies they got was from a gentleman in Pennsylvania who put it to LECTRA right on the line. Said the Pennsylvania man:

"I've read your ad in the New York Times. What I want you to do before I order a set is for you to send me a copy of that ad through the United States mails. Then if your Fuel Igniters won't come through with all those fancy promises – and if you don't send my money back if they don't perform as you say – I'll have Uncle Sam on my side while I go after you." The hard-bitten Pennsylvania man sent the ad through the mails, all right. And he ordered a set of Fuel Igniters. LECTRA wasn't fearful that Uncle Sam would be after them. Because – and here was the kicker – **Uncle is a LECTRA customer!** A large U. S. Government agency, after field-testing 5,000 Fuel Igniters **ordered 25,000 to replace every spark plug in a fleet of 3,000 key vehicles!**

So that's the story of The Big Fat Flame. I'm leaving a little space for a message from Col. Dollenberg. Meanwhile I'm on my way outside to the garage with my set of Fuel Igniters. I can't wait to get rid of those spark plugs!

This article has been presented both as an advertisement for the Lectra Fuel Igniter and as a public service. Especially do I wish to emphasize the words **public service.** It is flattering to be imitated, it is said, but since the invention of the Lectra Fuel Igniter, there have appeared so-called "imitations" which have failed to perform as promised.

We state, flatly and sincerely, that we **can** back every claim that appears in Mr. Mayer's story. Please look very carefully at the table which follows. **It has been prepared from the research of one of the nation's leading Consumer Surveys:**

RECORD OF PERFORMANCE – LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS

NOTE–All Lectra-equipped cars in these tests used REGULAR GAS

(Compiled from Consumer Reports and Field Tests)

YEAR	Make of Car	Spark Plug Miles Per Gallon	Lectra Fuel Igniters Miles Per Gallon	Miles Increase	(Gain) Extra Miles Per Gallon
1956	Chevrolet V8	17.7	22.2	24%	4.5
1955	Nash Rambler	20.0	27.6	38%	7.6
1954	Plymouth 6	22.2	26.0	17%	3.8
1955	Ford Fairlane	14.0	21.2	50%	7.2
1957	Chrysler Windsor	16.5	21.0	20%	3.5
1954	Oldsmobile 98	15.5	18.0	14%	2.5
1957	Dodge D-500	16.0	21.5	35%	5.5
1951	Buick Super	13.0	17.0	22%	4.0
1956	Plymouth V-8	16.0	20.0	25%	4.0
1955	Oldsmobile 98 (air-conditioned)	15.0	20.9	40%	6.0

All above figures confirmed by letters and reports available from our files in New York City.

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..... no. of cylinders

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City ..... Zone .... State .....

DuBOSE

The NIGHT the DEVIL STALKS the BEACHES of RIO

By Dave Long *Illustration by Howell Dodd*

THE BROAD five-mile crescent of Rio de Janeiro's Copacabana Beach blazed with 600,000 ritual candles. Drums throbbed in the night. Around altars heaped with fetishes, bottles of beer and "cachaca," throngs of half-naked men and women danced, screaming, "Yemanja! Yemanja!" Cadillacs and pearl grey Lincolns pulled up along the Avenida Atlantica and out of them stepped evening-clad nightclub patrons, their arms filled with sacred offerings—liquor, perfume, jewelry and bouquets of white chrysanthemums. Pushing their way through the dancers, they rolled up pants legs and hoisted skirts and went wading into the dark ocean, shoulder-to-shoulder with slum dwellers, chanting "Yemanja! Yemanja!"

It was December 31, 1958, and I was in Rio on assignment from CAVALCADE Magazine to investigate Brazil's wierd cult of Spiritism and particularly its most notorious manifestation, the annual New Year's Eve beach orgy held in honor of its greatest deity—Yemanja, Goddess of the Sea.

Through my hotel, the Guanabara Palace in downtown Rio, I had arranged to have an English-speaking guide accompany me and at 9 P.M. a short, stocky but elegantly outfitted gentleman wearing white drills and Panama pulled up at the hotel's Avenida Presidente Vargas entrance in an air-conditioned Chrysler. "Joao Carvalho, at your service," he beamed as I got in. "I learned English in Detroit during last war. We go?"

We went—tooling down broad Avenida Beira Mar toward the Sugar Loaf, the dark harbor to our left and the glittering lights of the city rising up the steep, lush hills to our right. We swept along the Flamengo and Botafogo crescents, then through the short Coelho Cintra tunnel and emerged on that most exclusive and breathtakingly beautiful of all Rio's famous beach-lined crescents—the Copacabana.

But there was nothing very exclusive about it tonight. It looked more like a tropical version of Coney Island than a billion dollar tiara of posh hotels and night clubs. It was packed from

"On her belly someone had painted a circle with two short projections, like horns. The mark of Satan. The girl now began to dance as the drums throbbed faster and faster..."

"Each wax figure of the Yemanja carnival represented a hated one...As long as the flame burns, the victim will live, but when it goes out, he or she will stop breathing."

end to end with seething humanity. Five miles of people, of colorfully costumed negro mammies from the "Favelas" that ring the city, thin, raw-boned peasants from Pernambuco and Bahia with their scraggly families, Indians from Amazonas, office clerks, workers, businessmen, socialites and glamor girls from Rio itself, all pushing their way down toward the water, all holding lit candles and chanting the name of the Goddess, "Yemanja! Yemanja!" as they shuffled along.

It was so crowded that we had to park three blocks from the beach on Rua Barata Ribeiro and walk the rest of the way. Stepping out of the air-conditioned Chrysler was like getting into a hot, steamy shower. December and January are mid-summer in Rio and both temperature and humidity must have been well above ninety that night. The throb of drums was everywhere and if it hadn't been for the streetcars trying vainly to get through the crowds, I would have thought we were somewhere in the jungle. Helmeted police standing shoulder to shoulder tried to keep the crowds moving down one side of the avenue, but with little success.

Suddenly wild commotion broke out up ahead. There was a shrieking, clucking sound and a deep, resinous drum began to throb. The crowd surged forward and we were carried along with them. What I saw made my eyes bug out. In the middle of the street and directly in front of one of the stalled trolleys, a young, brown-skinned beauty —one of those incomparable "cafe au laits" that only Rio produces — had peeled off her dress, cotton panties and bra, and now, wearing only a colorful bandana around her head, she was dancing wildly to the beat of the drum. A man had wrung the neck of a chicken, and making a quick incision with his penknife, he held it over her, letting the blood trickle down her. Her eyes rolled heavenward and she let the blood flow down her face and into her mouth. The beat of the drum now became faster and people in the crowd began to clap, making a slow, hollow counter-beat. "Yemanja!" screamed someone and the cry was taken up.

I glanced up at the ultra-modern, Oscar Niemeyer-designed apartment building that soared into the night sky behind this scene, unable to convince myself that I was actually in one of the world's great modern cities. Now the girl's hips were swaying even more wildly, moving faster and faster, her firm, delicately shaped breasts, luxuriously golden with darker halos at their tips, quivering excitingly as she leaped and twisted. Thin rivulets of blood coursed down her face and body in strange patterns, disappearing in the dark mystery of her loins. Her face was a bloody mask and one rivulet twisted down her breast so that her nipple was dripping blood. It was a frightening sight. I stood rooted to the spot, unable to tear my eyes way.

(continued on page 58)

Crowds gather on the beaches of Rio. Peaceful scene here is far cry from the antics of carnival time on New Year's Eve.

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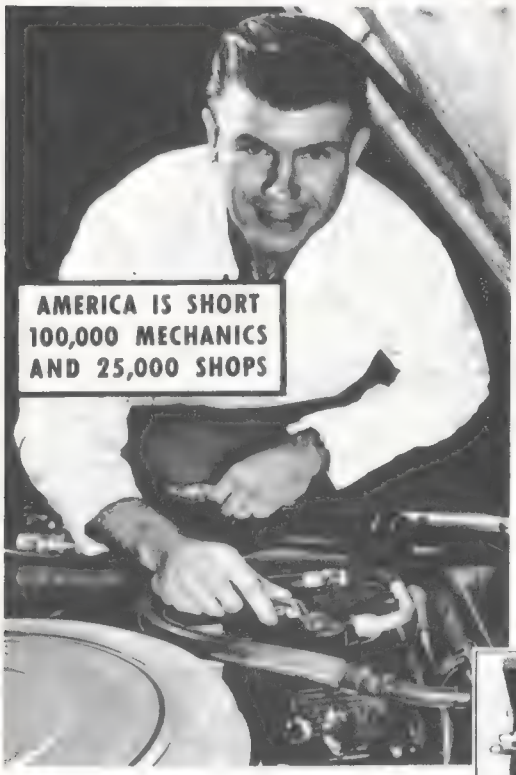

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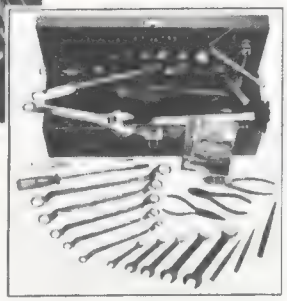

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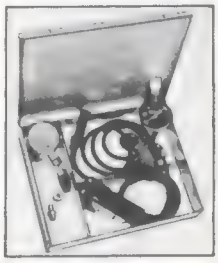

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MARRIAGE TO A NYMPHOMANIAC

By Harry F. Tashman, M.D.
Author of "The Marriage Bed" and "Today's Neurotic Family."

"When relationship and conditions within the family are faulty, a girl grows up with an insufficient amount of shame and guilt and may indulge in sexuality without restraint or discrimination. This condition is called nymphomania."

Dr. Harry F. Tashman is a Fellow of the Academy of Psychoanalysis and a Diplomate of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology.

THERE IS an eternal order in nature that dictates the fixed balances, regulated proportions, and interlocking systems in the human body. We have long known how to measure the amount of sugar in the blood or the amounts of calcium phosphorus, or iron. But we still have much to learn about the technique of measuring the proper amounts of shame, guilt, loathing, and anxiety that control the behavior patterns of the human being.

To expand on this theme, we know that anxiety is inborn and is a signal of danger, while feelings of shame, guilt and loathing are latent and develop only through experience. In fact, they are largely taught by those who are responsible for making the child a social being. There can be normal amounts of these feelings instilled in the child, or there can be too little or too much, the same as with sugar in the blood.

When an individual has an insufficiency of these inhibiting emotions, he lacks control and is not normally restrained from anti-social, perverse behavior. On the other hand, if an individual has too many inhibiting feelings the effect is to block natural functioning to such an extent that he may not be capable of expressing himself at all. For example, excessive feelings of shame, guilt, and loathing in relation to sexual activity may make a woman totally frigid and a man incapable of performing the sexual act.

On the other hand, a psychopathic personality, such as a check forger, swindler, pathological liar, prostitute, or thief, suffers an insufficiency of shame and guilt. Those of us who are

(From THE MARRIAGE BED by Harry F. Tashman, M.D. Published by University Publishers, $4.95.)

more reasonably attuned have enough psychic regulators to deter us from violating the law and moral and ethical principles. We are more comfortable and secure in our social settings because these regulators automatically influence and control our activities within social boundaries.

During adolescence, sexual impulses, naturally surge. When relationship and conditions within the family are faulty, a girl grows up with an insufficient amount of shame and guilt and may indulge in sexuality without restraint or discrimination. This condition is called nymphomania. The girl's life, relationships, and associations are so confused and disordered that her position in society becomes senseless. It is even worse for those related to her. In our society the male is not censured for promiscuity as much as the female, although Casanovas suffer from the same insufficiency of restraining qualities.

Marie came for analysis when she was twenty-four. I hesitated to take her as a patient because of the circumstances under which she came to me. She did not consider that her visits were made for her own sake, but for someone else's. It was not Marie who was doing the suffering, but her husband.

Her own family had long since learned to bear the burden of Marie's promiscuity. Her parents had been relieved when Bill came along, and romantically and naively fell in love with her and married her. He was ignorant of her history and because she came from a well-known family, it never occurred to him to find out about her past.

Bill and Marie met at a party. Bill had been away from the city for a long time, first at military school, then at an out-of-town college, and then for two years in the army. He was completely out of touch with the crowd he knew in earlier days and to which he was now returning. Most of his friends had married and scattered. The fellow who arranged the party did not tell him what all the others knew about Marie. She attached herself to him the moment he walked in. Flattered and pleased at the attentions of this pretty girl, Bill never doubted that his charm had attracted her. He soon developed a blind spot where she was concerned. He couldn't have known by the vagueness of her expression that the way she looked at him was no different from the way that she looked at any other man.

Bill came from a solid, conservative family. His approaches to Marie were shy and tender. He wooed her as one would woo a virgin with whom the progressive steps toward intimacy were sensitive. For all his good looks and monied background, he had very little experience with girls. He was, moreover, a naturally unsophisticated type, whose ideas and intentions were completely moral and proper.

During the period of courtship, Bill interpreted Marie's yielding and her ease of response as a special susceptibility to his personality. He thought she was in love with him as he was with her. He interpreted her vague expression as innocence and naïveté. But, as far as she was concerned, her manner simply indicated that he meant nothing special to her. He merely offered certain advantages, which she accepted casually. The courtship was short: Marie's family moved with dispatch. The wedding arrangements were settled in record time, and less than eight weeks after they met, they were married.

A month after they were settled in their apartment, when Bill developed chills and fever at the office one day,

(continued on page 84)

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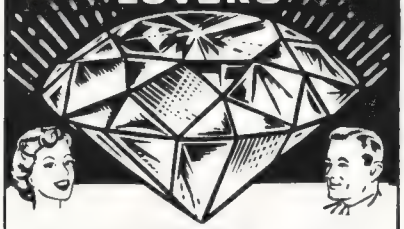

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one man's opinion...

by Sam Carson

What's wrong with the American male today? According to this caustic observer . . . it's the American female.

EVERY TIME I pick up a magazine these days and thumb through the pages, I get to wondering what is happening to us males. Because about every magazine you pick up, including this one, has an article on what is wrong with the American man as a lover, and what is wrong with him as a husband, and how generally he is a cluck when it comes to his more intimate relations with the female of the species.

And where the magazine articles leave off, the books begin with a sort of blow-by-blow, how-to-do-it treatment of the bed as a coeducational institution. Seems like everybody is getting in the act—or rather, telling you how to do it. The other day I was looking through the Sunday book review section of the staid and conservative *New York Times*, which generally confines itself to the news that fits the print, and there were no less than six and one-half pages given over to advertising and reviewing such weighty tomes as SEXUAL PLEASURE IN MARRIAGE, THE MARRIAGE BED, A GUIDE TO SEXUAL MATURITY, and the like. It is getting so a young couple can't rightfully start off on a honeymoon these days without carting along a five-foot bookshelf of Handy Hints for Hesitant Husbands and Waiting Wives and by the time they've finished reading about it, it is too late and the honeymoon is over.

All of which is pretty astounding and somewhat horrifying when you stop to consider that Sex has been going on, in one form or another, ever since the world began. All Adam and Eve needed to get started was an apple —not a whole damned library.

So what has happened? What has happened most particularly in these United States, for this seems to be the only country where there is all this publicity about the emotional impotency of husbands and/or lovers.

If you ask me, which nobody has, the main thing that is wrong with the American male in this department is the American female. Like the song says, it takes two to tango—only the American female has been out of step for a long time. For despite a couple of billion dollars, give or take a few pennies, spent yearly on cosmetics, beauty parlors, hair dyes, plastic surgery, uplifts, downpulls and what have you, the American woman has about as much legitimate, down-to-earth Sex Appeal as a painted puppet. Half of the time she is on a diet, which besides giving her a nasty temper finally gives her a figure like a sexless clothes pole. And having got rid of what nature gave her to begin with, she proceeds to phoney it up with falsies fore and aft.

Personally, as regards these diet dames, I have never felt that an animated skeleton was conducive to inspiring hot and heavy passion. I am always afraid that something might break. And anyway, I want something more than bones covered with a thin layer of flesh and skin on a cold night. What the hell, an electric blanket is cheaper and easier to regulate.

On top of that, the average American woman is usually so self-centered she can't see beyond the length of her lacquered fingernail. She talks a lot about Sex but she doesn't do anything about helping it develop. When she grabs off a husband, the poor dope may be ardent enough by nature to satisfy a nymphomaniac schoolmarm, but before long he hasn't more than enough energy to come in out of the rain. The wife is keeping him too busy satisfying her snob ambitions. She wants a longer and fancier car than the neighbors next door, and a bigger TV set, and an all-electric kitchen in which to warm up the quick frozen TV dinners, and he can begin thinking about a mink coat for next year.

So after this rat race for material possessions is over, where is the poor slob going to get the energy and strength to be a great lover? Or even a passable lover? Where is he even going to get the desire, for that matter?

One thing is for sure, and that is that he's not going to find it in all these new sex books, no matter how many he reads. It's between the bed covers, brother, and not the book covers.

But, like I pointed out earlier, it takes two—and in this department the American female is a washout and a hindrance to what comes naturally.

I get to thinking how someone once asked Mistinguette what made Frenchmen such good lovers. Her answer was direct and to the point. "French women," she said.

That's the way I feel about it. There's nothing wrong with the American male as a lover that a real woman can't cure.

Trouble is, there aren't many real women left in these parts . . .

THE END

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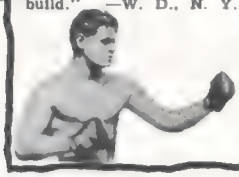

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Murdering LOST the

The amazing true story of mutiny and murder at sea—and the trial that shocked all of New York State in 1831—when a cold-blooded fiend murdered the officers of the brig *Vineyard* to pirate its golden treasure.

By Lieutenant Harry E. Rieseberg

CHARLES GIBBS stood on the wharf sniffing in the New Orleans' waterfront smells and watching the brig *Vineyard* load her cargo. Here, the hub of all the South American ship traffic, could be found anything from beached sailing craft to square-rigged barks and clippers, frigates and windjammers.

Someone shouted his name—

"Hey, Gibbs!"

Gibbs looked up, and saw Henry Atwell, a seaman who had just signed-up for the outward bound passage on the *Vineyard*. "Captain Thornby wants you, Gibbs."

William Thornby, the skipper of the brig *Vineyard*, stood at one side talking casually with his mate, William Roberts. Shortly Atwell walked up with Gibbs. He nodded to the Captain, say-

Mutineers and the TREASURE of VINELAND

ing, "Here, Gibbs, meet Captain Thornby. I've recommended you. Well, Captain," he said, turning toward the skipper, "I must get back on the job." Atwell hastily poined the other seamen on board the little craft.

Captain Thornby nodded to Gibbs. His powerful, rounded shoulders, cropped head and heavy, square features were eloquent of massive strength and none too pleasant disposition. "What wage do you want, Gibbs?" he demanded without preamble.

"The usual, Captain," answered Gibbs rather curtly.

"Done," said the skipper. "Come aboard tonight; we're sailing with the tide." With a brief wave of his hand, Captain William Thornby strode off, the mate following him.

Thus Charles Gibbs, started en route to the gallows!

Charles Gibbs was born in Rhode Island as James D. Jeffers. His parents were farmers, and Gibbs, becoming tired of the sedate rural life, ran away from home and enlisted in the United States Navy. He served on board the *U.S. Chesapeake,* in the famous battle with the British frigate *Shannon,* and was later taken a prisoner-of-war by the British where he languished until the close of the War of 1812 in the dread and historically famous old Dartmoor Prison.

Upon his final release at the close of hostilities, he changed his name to that of "Charles Gibbs," and borrowed some small funds with which he opened a groggery in Ann Street, New York City. His establishment was called the "*Tin Pot*"—often referred to in the records of early New York as "*a place full of abandoned women and dissolute fellows.*"

His business venture soon failed, for Gibbs could not refrain from drinking up all the profits himself; he soon sold out his establishment and went to sea again, finding a berth on board a South American privateer. It wasn't long before, while leading a mutiny in the Caribbean waters, he captured the privateer and made of her a pirate craft. Now in charge of the seized vessel, Gibbs frequented Havana on several

(continued on page 79)

A replica of the famed *Bounty,* a ship similar in construction to the doomed *Vineyard.* Also had mutiny.

(R.) The author, Lt. Harry Rieseberg, describes one of his numerous treasure expeditions to interested diving group.

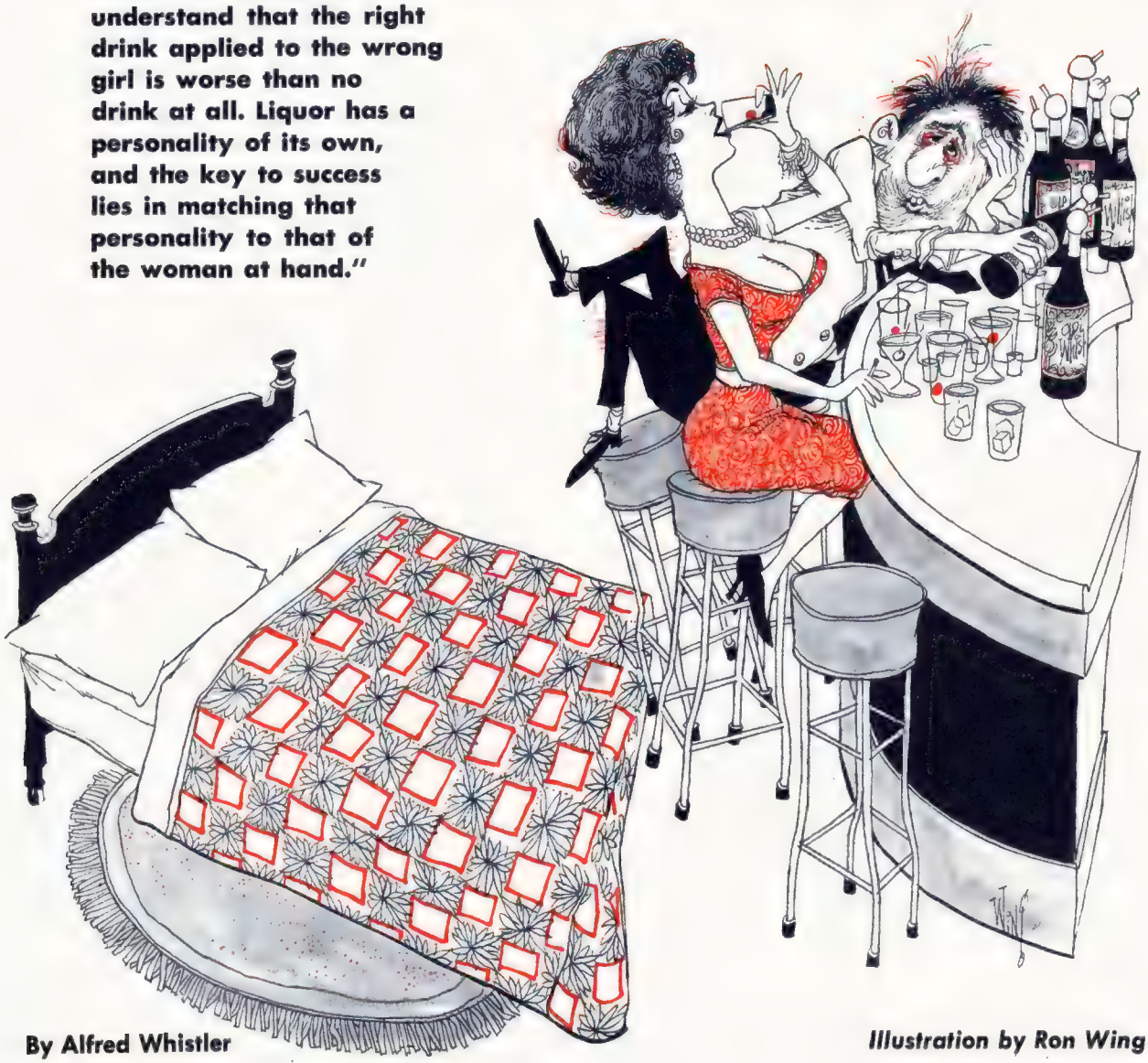
The TALE of

"It takes an expert to understand that the right drink applied to the wrong girl is worse than no drink at all. Liquor has a personality of its own, and the key to success lies in matching that personality to that of the woman at hand."

CONTRARY to almost universal belief, alcohol, in any combination, is not an aphrodisiac. But having gotten that truism safely off my chest, I think that it's only fair to say that alcohol has, in one of its many delicious forms, proved to be the turning point—either pro or con—in hundreds, nay thousands of love affairs.

Of course, what must be emphasized is that the woman either will or won't. That's part of her own, individual make-up. If she won't, there's damn little short of outright marriage, that's going to change her mind. But if she will, ah, there's the problem. First, a woman in bed is no good at all, unless she's in your bed—or, at the very least, you're in hers. Getting her there, inducing her to agree that now is the time, and you are the man, requires the technique that ultimately separates the true Casanova from the lonely bum in the third floor back.

It's in the course of this applied technique, that liquor enters the scene. There's no doubt that judiciously applied, alcohol can depress the moral scruples of her brain, muddle her clear thinking, and bring out, sharp and unmistakable, those facets of her person-



By Alfred Whistler

Illustration by Ron Wing

a COCKTAIL

ality that long for the immediate satisfaction of her sexual desires.

So far so good. But, and its the biggest but in the world, it takes an expert to understand that the right drink applied to the wrong girl is worse than no drink at all. Liquor has a personality of its own, and the key to success lies in matching that personality to that of the woman at hand.

Easy? Of course it's easy—once you know how. But the point is that you've got to know what you're doing. Trusting to the girl's own spoken request may be completely useless. For she's far more likely to be swayed by the social qualities of a drink than its suitability to her.

For example, scotch is probably the most socially correct beverage. And yet, not more than one out of every six women can be truly called scotch-prone. And as for martinis; while a certain strata of the national scene considers this concoction the one and only—in far, far too many cases, it's like pouring cold water on a hot rock—it gives an appearance of steam, but the next result is ultimate frigidity.

So let's examine the principal alcoholic forms. In this discourse, for purposes of discussion, only the basic forms will be treated. Cocktails, and all other mixtures will be classified under the principal ingredient. Thus, for example, the aforesaid martini should be treated as if it were pure gin—which, as far as the stomach is concerned, for all practical purposes, it is.

Ninety-nine percent of the American group of females can be placed with equinamity under the headings of scotch, rye, gin, bourbon, rum, and beer, and wine. The remaining one percent, are definitely brandy types. Of course, if it's a foreign femme you're after, that's another story. But let's stick to home. It's safer—and besides, it's more practical.

Strangely enough, both scotch and beer have certain remarkable similarities. And while there are also a few differences — important differences in the types who drink them, it is also true that there is a large, borderline group on whom either will have an equal effect.

First of all, both are poor drinks when mixed. There are neither scotch cocktails nor beer cocktails. One drinks them straight—at most, with a bit of dilutant.

More important, personality-wise, each is a secure drink. They bring to mind, home, complacency, trust, fearlessness and relaxation. They are for contented folks, those who have arrived at where they mean to be and are neither ambitious, hasty or desirous of major change.

Scotch itself, is reserved for those women who are thoroughly in control of themselves, the stable, the home type girl who likes to drink. It should never be tried on a spirited colt. The flighty thing, the excitable belle is likely to be put to sleep, or at best, placed in an attitude of emotionless tolerance. The sporty gal, is reminded of the need for training; the party girl, of the dullness of an evening at home.

But for the unapproachable Goddess, the quiet, folksy, smoothly built filly with bedroom eyes and a sleepy, self-possessed disposition, it is ideal. It makes her realize that she trusts you, understands you, has a sense of belonging to you. Your house becomes her home, your bed, her natural refuge from the slings and arrows that pursue her. You exude the same quiet contentment she unconsciously longs for.

She should be fed her poison slowly, to the tune of dim lights and soft, classical music. Everything, including yourself, should be underplayed, in soft sell, low key pitch. Gentle urging goes well with the gentle aging of the beverage.

Beer, on the other hand, is for the same personality type, with two small amendments. First, it should be applied when the thrist is unquenchable. Second, when the homey type is also endowed with a slightly athletic bent. It's easy to switch this type onto beer. Play tennis or golf in the afternoon; or go bowling in the evening. Let her work up a thirst and then feed her a slow beer. Once she's started, even she will understand that she can't switch her drinks. But be sure to have at least a dozen cans in the ice-box back home.

The beer girl can be recognized by her innate desire to belong to a group. She's a clubby sort by nature, a gregarious soul. She likes being out, with lots and lots of people. She also has simple, easy-to-satisfy tastes. While she appreciates an expensive evening, she can be made even more successfully, via a cheap one.

A big thing in this case, is not to keep her out too late before making your pitch. Having a home nature, she naturally wants to go home, early. And once the wee small hours approach, she begins to get restless.

Get her up to your place at a simple hour—before midnight, definitely. Make your move on a romantic—a highly romantic level. You can talk real wild with this kind (but be careful you don't get carried away right into marriage). Keep away from the low-lights, classical music bit. While you don't want to get garish, keep up a reasonable light level. Keep things on a sporting plane. Make sure her glass is filled, continuously. Security and normalcy are the keys. You want her to feel right at home.

A word of warning. This type rarely recognizes itself for what it is. Many beer girls honestly believe themselves to be bourbon or cocktail drinkers. Feed her these and you're lost. Fifteen minutes later and she'll be fidgeting. And just when you begin your big pitch, she'll break in with a suggestion that she call up "Joe and Jane" who are having a wonderful party—or something else as outrageous. Anyway, she'll never settle down.

The rye girl can be recognized by her ambition. She's been yearning for years for someone with "get-up-and-go." She wants to get ahead, she's longing for money, power, adventure. She may be a career woman, or at least a fortune hunter. She's willing to gamble, in fact, she adores taking chances. Most of all, she likes an appearance of strength in her men.

This type of woman is often a lone wolf. She doesn't get along with other girls. She's always fashionable—sometimes too fashionable, dressing according to fiat, even when the experts' choice make her look like a fool. She's forward, friendly, and quite flirtatious.

The rye operation must be carried out forthrightly. Slug the stuff into her in two or three double-sized drinks. The

(continued on page 96)

Howell Dodd

"MY RAP IS TREASON... and they'll make it stick!"

By Lewis Varney as told to Monty McGurn

Illustration by Howell Dodd

"My real troubles began when some joker I met in a Panama City cat-house offered me a thousand bucks—in advance—for sneaking a package back to the states for him."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Monte McGurn, CAVALCADE magazine's roving overseas correspondent, first met Lewis Varney in a waterfront bar along the Porto Vecchio in the Italian city of Trieste. Varney is living there under the protection of a Portuguese passport which, he told McGurn, he obtained by "pulling a few strings and laying out a bundle of cash."*

According to correspondent McGurn, Lewis Varney is little better than a drunken bum, despite the fact that he seems to have plenty of money and could easily afford clothes, an apartment, almost anything he needed.

"Instead," writes McGurn, "this confessed and self-exiled American traitor and criminal lives in a scrofulous, fifth-rate hotel. His clothing is usually stained and caked with filth. He says he is 31 years of age, but looks 50. I can't help but feel that he's purposely trying to drink himself to death before the inevitable day when his former employers or confederates decide it's time to rub him out."

Varney himself appeared to confirm McGurn's opinion. The reporter was astounded when Varney agreed to tell his story for publication.

"Why the hell not?" Lewis Varney snorted, according to McGurn. "It can't make any difference anymore. They're bound to get me sooner or later, no matter what I do . . ."

THE SEA was calm and the big, 46-foot cabin cruiser cut through the water easily. I sat in stern, staring out at the overcast, moonless sky. There wasn't anything to see, but it helped keep my mind off what was about to happen in the cruiser's cabin.

Clyde Rasten and Mike Lazzi had Wilmot Anthony there—and they were going to kill him. The less I knew about just how it was done the better—and safer—it would be for me.

My guts knotted and my armpits and palms flooded with sweat even though the night was chilly and the wind cold. I tensed and waited.

The two muffled shots came a split-second later, spaced so close together that they sounded like a single explosion. I shuddered and retched. I didn't turn around, not even when I heard Rasten and Lazzi bring the corpse up

(continued on page 70)

THE RED SPY WITH 100 WILLING WIVES

By Joseph Hilton

Illustration by H. W. Johnson

IN THE CYNICAL, vice-ridden atmosphere of Shanghai in 1930 it wasn't easy to create new scandals, but Richard Sorge seemed an exception. Within a few months of his arrival in China he was a familiar figure in the International Settlement—and a notorious one. He would have been a marked figure anywhere, for that matter; he was tall, well-built, with brown hair and eyes and a face distinguished by faint lines of dissipation. He walked with a slight limp. He made no secret of the fact that he liked brandy and women—and his capacity for the enjoyment of both was the envy of men of less stamina.

Now his latest escapade was providing material for fresh gossip in the International Settlement. Sorge was going around with a bandage on his chin, covering a bite received in a brawl that had broken up a dancehall on Nanking Road. But it had been no ordinary brawl. Sorge had been trailed to the place by a White Russian Countess, suspected of being a Soviet spy, with whom he had recently broken off a brief affair. The Countess was accompanied by two husky Russians. She caught Sorge amusing himself with a beautiful young Eurasian, stormed Muscovite curses at him, and then demanded that her two companions revenge her by beating him up.

Sorge managed to knock down one of the Russians before the other grabbed him and then, before Sorge could break his hold, bit him on the chin! With a roar of pain and indignation, Sorge went berserk. He managed to throw both of the Russians out of the place, and the Countess along with them, but in the process tables were overturned, chairs broken, glasses smashed, and half the dancehall wrecked.

It wasn't the sort of escapade to escape notice — particularly as the Countess was considered one of the most beautiful women then living in the French Concession. Not many men had so openly and brutally spurned her favors before.

Nor was it the sort of activity to be expected of a correspondent of the sedate *Soziologische Magazin*, most particularly one engaged at the same time in the serious task of making a two-year study of the Chinese banking systems for the German-Chinese Institute in Munich.

A number of Sorge's more important friends remonstrated with him. One was Colonel van Glieber, then listed as senior military adviser to the German military group aiding the Nanking government, but actually head of the German espionage unit. "I warned you that the Countess was a dangerous woman," he reminded Sorge. "Most likely a Soviet agent, as well. She was undoubtedly trying to worm information out of you."

Sorge shrugged. "There are no politics in the dark, my friend. Nor do I waste time talking while in bed."

"You should be more serious, Richard. As I have told you before, a man of your talents could go far in intelligence work if only you were more dependable. But now your reputation is against you."

Again Sorge shrugged. "I'm afraid I couldn't stand that sort of regimentation. I wasn't cut out to follow some-

(continued on page 66)

"The Countess was accompanied by two husky Russians when she caught Sorge amusing himself with the beautiful Eurasian. She demanded revenge."

Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue... and plenty of something that will please you, our reader! Carry on!

WOMAN'S PLACE SEXUALLY IN HISTORY

PRIMITIVELY woman was the sole life-giver, possessed of a magic no man could attain. She was therefore always potentially dangerous, like a highly-charged electric cable. One could not be too careful in dealing with her. In many savage tribes today, no man will eat in the presence of a woman. Some of her magic might jump down his open mouth. Most savage tribes forbid a man to approach a woman immediately before going hunting or to war—not for the reasons an athletic coach gives his trainees, but because in that intimate contact he might lose some of his masculine characteristics of physical agility and courage, and acquire a feminine timidity and weakness. Innumerable are the *tabus* regulating the relationships of men and women in primitive societies, and all of them are based on the superstitious dread of the magic with which women are charged.

The famous *jus primae noctis* (Right of the first night, practiced by feudal lords), allegedly one of the causes of the French Revolution, derives from that primitive fear. The right of the feudal lord to possess a bride on the first night was originally not a tyranny, arbitrarily gratifying the aristocrat's lust. The lord, occupying the position of the savage chieftain who by his own sanctity was to some extent immune to the woman's magic, was merely making her safe for ordinary men—doing his communal job, in fact. ■

ADS YOU WILL NEVER SEE

TELLING TIME, MEXICAN STYLE . . .

JUAN SLEPT in the shade of a tree, his sombrero covering his face. Close by, his burro grazed.

Along came Pepito. He shook Juan awake.

Juan pushed his sombrero off his face and drowsily regarded his friend.

"What you want, Pepito," he asked.

"Juan," that worthy replied, "tell me what time it eez."

Juan lazily stretched out his arm, without moving another muscle in his body, placed his hand under the testicles of his burro, lifted them briefly a few inches, and then withdrew his hand.

"It eez one o'clock," he said and he proceeded to drop his sombrero back over his face and to resume his nap.

Pepito raised his eyebrows in surprise, and went on his way.

Some time later, Pepito was back. Again he awakened his sleeping friend, and again he inquired about the time.

Juan repeated his first performance, grunted, "It eeze feefteen past one," and again prepared to go back to sleep.

But this time Pepito could not stifle his curiosity.

"Juan," he queried, "how can you tell time by leefting the testicles of your burro?"

"It eez easy, Pepito, my friend. When I leeft the testicles, I can see the village clock over there."

MAN TAKES A DRINK

(from an old adage)

At the punch bowl's brink
Let the thirsty think
What they say in Japan:
"First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink take a drink,
Then the drink takes the man."

PHILOSOPHY . . .

The trouble with the stronger sex is that the weakness for the weaker sex which makes the stronger sex weak makes the weaker sex strong.

SUPER-SALESMAN . . .

JACKSON JETROCKET was a hot-shot salesman . . . and he let everyone know it. He'd sold shoes, ladies' dresses, vacuum cleaners, automobiles . . . and made a fabulous success in each field.

Looking for new worlds to conquer, Jackson decided to sell life insurance. Once he had made up his mind, our brash super-salesman made his way to the main offices of one of the biggest insurance companies in the world.

Ignoring secretaries, vice-presidents and all other impediments in his way to the office of the president, for our hero would deal only with the very top brass,

ANYWHERE ELSE BUT IN THIS MAGAZINE!

MY HAT'S OFF* TO VIKKERY CIGARETTES
drinking man's philtre**
and a stoking man's haste***
*and that's not all!
**love philtre, that is!
***a coal stoker I met in Marseilles . . . was he ever fast!
Vikkery CIGARETTES

MORE Pot-Pourri OF PLEASURE

he bulled his way into the sanctum of the big man.

That worthy occupied a very lush office, indeed. 40 feet long, 30 feet wide, with carpeting 3 inches thick. At the far end of this sumptuously furnished room the president sat at a huge, lavishly carved desk. He looked up in annoyance as Jackson burst unannounced through the door.

"Who are you," he barked "and how dare you barge in here without an appointment? I'm going to have you thrown out!"

Jackson held up his hand, and smiled the smile that had overcome thousands of sales-resistant customers.

"One moment, Mr. Hackenbush," said Jackson, "don't do anything you'll regret. I'm Jackson Jetrocket, and I'm the greatest salesman in the whole cockeyed world." Noting that Hackenbush was turning purple with rage, Jackson kept talking, fast. "Whether you know it or not, Mr. Hackenbush, I'm going to sell insurance for your company, and I'll sell more insurance than any other salesman you ever had. You look like you don't believe me. O.K. What do I have to do to prove I'm the greatest insurance salesman in the world? Sell the biggest policy ever sold to the toughest customer in the country? Alright, you name him and I'll sell him!"

Off-guard, Mr. Hackenbush murmured a name, the president of the biggest automobile manufacturer, a notoriously sales-resistant man.

Jackson nodded, flashed his famous smile, waved a cheery goodbye, and bolted for the door.

"Be back tomorrow with the biggest policy ever sold," he shouted, and disappeared.

Sure enough, the next afternoon, Jackson exploded back into the big office. He rushed up to Hackenbush, grabbed his hand and started to pump it vigorously.

"Congratulations," he yelled, "you've hired the greatest salesman in the world! You said sell Mr. Blank. I sold Mr. Blank. A five million dollar policy. Here it is! Now what do you think of Jackson Q. Jetrocket?"

And he plunked a signed policy on Hackenbush's desk.

Hackenbush was speechless. He looked at the signed paper on his desk. Then he seemed to come awake.

"Wait a minute," he said, "this isn't quite right. We can't issue a policy to anyone without a physical examination, a urinalysis."

"Urinalysis?" queried Jackson, "what's that?"

"You know, you get a sample of the man's urine, in a bottle, and it's medically tested to see if the man is healthy enough for us to issue a policy to him. No urinalysis, no policy."

"Easy!" said Jackson, "I'll get it. Be back tomorrow!"

Twenty-four hours later, Jackson emerged from a cab in front of the insurance building, carrying a big bucket filled to the brim with urine. He ran up the steps, as bystanders leaped and ducked to avoid being drenched with the splashes from the bucket.

Jackson hurried through the offices, and clerks, clients and vice-presidents danced hurriedly out of the way of this madman with his spilling, splashing, ill-smelling bucket.

Jackson pushed open Hackenbush's door and ran across the room, still splashing urine from the bucket at each step. Hackenbush watched in growing horror as his prize salesman swung his frothing bucket onto the big desk, slopping urine on papers and soaking everything in sight.

"Migawd," he mumbled, "what are you doing? You didn't need all that! All we wanted was a little sample, in a small bottle." He held out his thumb and forefinger about two inches apart, to demonstrate. "That was all we required. Not a bucketful!"

"Ho ho ho, Mr. Hackenbush," chuckled Jackson, "I see you don't really appreciate me yet. You think this is Mr. Blank's? Don't be silly! While I was there, instead of just getting his, just so the trip shouldn't be a total waste I signed up the whole company for group insurance!"

Cavalcade nominates ravishing Rita Richards as a delectable dish most

Limericks have been the poor man's poetry for a long, long time. Here are a couple we hope you'll enjoy.

A peculiar fellow named Dave
Kept a dead *femme de joie* in a cave.
Said he, "You'll opine
I'm some sort of a swine.
But look at the money I save!"

An adventurous laddie named Lee
Made love to an ape in a tree.
The result was most horrid,
Purple butt and no forehead,
Blue breasts and a pale green goatee.

PARTNERS . . .

JOE AND MIKE were share and share alike business partners. They even shared a pretty secretary, both professionally . . . and romantically. Her name was Susie.

One fine day Susie announced that she was pregnant, and the two partners quickly huddled in a private conference. What should they do?

Both being married men, they couldn't offer Susie matrimony . . . but both being responsible gentlemen, they resolved to see her through her travail, and at their expense. They called Susie in, and told her of their decision. They'd pay for an abortion, or send Susie away to have her baby far away, where nobody knew her, at their expense. Either way, it was up to Susie. Susie chose the second course.

When the time came, and Susie was preparing to leave, Joe and Mike conferred again. It wouldn't be fair, they agreed, to send Susie away alone. One of them should go with her. They tossed a coin to see who would go. Mike lost . . . he was it.

Mike and Susie left.

Three days later Joe got a wire. It read:

"*Susie gave birth to twins today.*
Mine died.
Mike"

Rita is 19, and a trim 37½-23-35 hunk of cute femininity. She's British, and she was a manicurist until she decided to exploit her natural resources as a full-time model. Movies next.

likely to win the whole-hearted approval of our readers. Any argument?

MORE **Pot-Pourri** OF PLEASURE

THEY SAID IT FIRST...

MAMIE VAN DOREN

"A Cuban youngster is a kid who can't wait until he's old enough to shave so he doesn't have to shave."

ZSA ZSA GABOR

"Men have more problems than women—and their first problem is that they have to put up with women."

RED BUTTONS

"A prominent TV sponsor just dropped his summer replacement. His wife came back to town."

JERRY COLONNA

"When a wife travels with her husband by train, she usually has the upper hand and the lower berth."

BARBARA NICHOLS

"A sensible girl is more sensible than she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible."

GRANDMA CALLED IT EVIL . . .

EVERY GENERATION has its own ideas about what constitutes going to hell in a hack . . . and today's oldsters who shriek loudly about the depravity of our current juveniles . . . and adults . . . should think back to the days when they were kids and

Opium as a popular vice was well spread over the plots of many an early pulp. The pseudo-realistic stories were respectable (?) thrillers for the children of the middle class.

their fathers and mothers and grandparents cavilled at their actions and activities.

It is true that many of the things

You'll never believe this, but two women were actually sentenced to the reformatory for smoking on the streets of Providence, R. I. Ladies smoking was considered evil at the turn of the century.

that past generations considered shocking and bad seem innocent and naive to us today . . . but it is equally true that grandpa and grandma sowed some wild oats in areas that spelled trouble in any era.

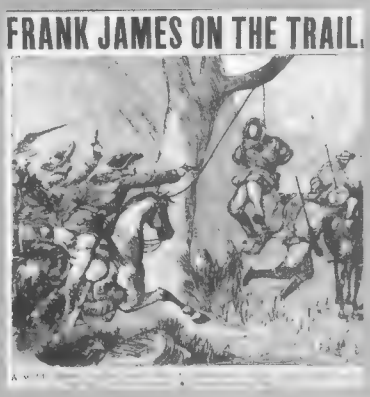
We've gathered some old prints of those days to illustrate what we mean . . . culled from the old illustrated pulp magazines of the times...and it is rather surprising to note how closely they resemble the reading fare available to kids today . . . you find the same horror and violence . . . and you even come across the first hints of the sexy approach that some prim and proper people throw up their hands in horror over every day.

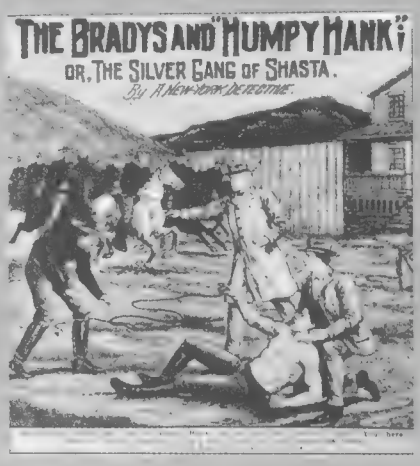
So look at them, and some day, in the dim and distant future when you become a grandfather, think twice about denouncing the younger generation with the age-old cry about "never did that in the good old days!"

Sex reared a pretty leg in some pulps, though not as brazenly as today. But can you imagine what a shocker it must have been to be shown a lady's leg being tattooed?

"Cover up, girls! That sneaky Mohandus is peeking through the fig tree again!"

The paper-back book covers shown here give some idea of the blood and thunder violence available to young readers of bygone days.





MORE Pot-Pourri OF PLEASURE

AGE OF SPECIALIZATION . . .

SMITH had a toothache, so he went to his dentist.

"Hm," said the doc, "it's got to come out."

He gave Smith a shot of Novocaine, and went to work. He loosened the tooth with an instrument and then started to twist it out with his forceps. As the tooth was dislodged, Smith jarred the dentist's hand and the tooth slipped out of the forceps and dropped into the patient's throat.

"Doc," he gasped hoarsely, "it's down in my throat."

"Too bad," said the dentist, "I can't help you now. It's not my field. I'll have to send you to a nose and throat man."

An appointment was made, and Smith rushed over to the nose and throat man. Just as he entered the office, he hiccoughed, and the tooth slid down to his stomach. The doctor noted this.

"Sorry, old man, it's out of my line. You'll have to go to a stomach man, an internist."

Again Smith hailed a cab and into the internist's office he staggered. The fluoroscope showed the tooth in Smith's stomach, and the doctor inserted a long tube that released forceps in the stomach. He fished around, located the tooth, and was about to grab it when, klunk, it dropped out of the stomach into the intestines.

The stomach man withdrew the tube and informed Smith he was stymied.

"Not my specialty," he said, "you need a proctologist, an intestine specialist. I'll arrange it."

Another taxi ride and the long-suffering Smith was in another office. He undressed and went into a curtained booth.

"Bend over," said the doctor, "and I'll see what goes."

He looked, and his eyebrows went up.

"Hm," he said, "there's a tooth up there. I'm afraid you'll have to see a dentist."

"I guess he really meant it when he said he didn't want soup."

"Now what did he mean by that crack, 'She's a gal that keeps too much under her hat'?"

"She says to get rid of your friend and come back."

"Hurry up with the feet! You know damn well Hubert never even sees my toes!"

"Come back in an hour, Cuthbert, and I'll swipe the old fool's glasses again!"

"Do you have a room without TV, without a telephone, without maid service, without..."

"WE HELPED TIBET'S DALAI LAMA ESCAPE!"

By Richard Hulme

Illustration by H. W. Johnson

EDITOR'S NOTE:
The Editors of CAVALCADE were amazed by this eyewitness account of one of the most fantastic escapes of history written by a man who was there and actually took part in it. After you read it, we're certain that you will be too.

WE WERE just crossing the Kuru-chu river when above its thunderous roar we heard another sound — steady and menacing. John Winton was the first to notice it. I could see him on the far bank, gesturing to me and pointing to the sky, but our two Bhutanese porters had just swung me out into space like a sack of flour and I was too busy trying to balance myself in the sling, hang onto my rifle and hold a hunk of yak-butter in front of the smoking, shrieking pulley of my bosn's-rig to figure out what he meant.

Hundreds of feet below, the Kuru-chu boiled and surged like a hellish cauldron, crashing along through the narrowing gorge. I could see my own silhouette in its seething whiteness, twisting through space. Smoke from the gouged-out chunk of wood which served as a pulley billowed into my face. If only the fragile three-stand bamboo rope which held me above destruction wouldn't catch fire! I pressed the chunk of butter tighter against the rope, holding my head and arms away from it so they wouldn't get cut. Out toward the middle the rope slackened and I began to slow down. It was then that I heard the other sound myself. Suddenly I realized—planes! I twisted around in the sling and glanced up. Transports. At least two dozen of them—and with the red star of Communist China on their wings.

I was just shifting around to get a better look when—suddenly—there was a loud snap, a sickening lurch and I found myself swinging upside down in space! Frantically I grabbed—at nothing. I saw the butter and the rifle go twisting down into the abyss but I didn't follow . . . One of my ankles was still twisted in the broken sling. I heard Winton and the guide, Rangti, shouting encouragement but it took a second or two for my heart to stop pounding long enough for me to think. Fortunately I was an experienced mountaineer and so not completely unused to such sudden disasters. There was only one thing to do—I would have to swing myself back and forth like a pendulum until I had enough leverage to reach the rope above. I had seen this done once on the north face of the Grandes Jorasses in the Alps—so I knew it could be. But there was the added danger here that I might work my ankle loose and go plunging down . . .

Cautiously I began to swing, then calmly, cold-bloodedly I increased momentum until I thought I was close enough—then, with one savage lunge, I reached out, straining with all my

"It's still very much Forbidden Tibet. Foreigners are still killed on sight by bandits or by Lama warriors who think that their soil is profaned by foreign feet."

might, fingers clawing the air . . . Missed! I continued to swing, then built up more momentum and grabbed again. This time my fingers closed around that blessed rope and with a gasp of relief I strengthed my grip on it and then cautiously, hand-over-hand, I pulled myself to the far bank.

"Nice going," said Winton, slapping me on the back. "For a second I thought I'd lost you."

"So did I," I gasped.

"God was with you," grinned Rangti, speaking in his broken French. "You no have to worry then."

"We do now," said Winton, pointing across the river.

I glanced across. The two Bhutanese porters had dropped all our equipment and were hurrying back along the trail toward the frontier, casting frightened glances up at the sky. "Can't say I blame them," I said. "What were those Chinese planes up to anyway?"

"See for yourself," said Winton, shading his eyes.

I looked up. The transport had swung away toward the west, but the broad expanse of blue sky above was filled with tiny white puffs which were rapidly growing larger as I watched.

"Parachutists!" I exclaimed.

"Definitely, old boy. They're sealing the frontier. And I've an idea they're doing it at Nepal, Sikkim, Chumbi—all along the line. I'm afraid we're going to be in Tibet for some time to come."

"Oh, God," I moaned, "isn't that sweet? And with no porters, no supplies . . ."

"Not even a rifle."

"I'm sorry about that, John. It was stupid of me."

"No fault of yours, Dick," sighed Winton, lighting his pipe. "All the same, I wish we still had it. With hundreds of Chinese paratroopers behind us, possibly ten thousand Red infantrymen ahead and to the west, and Khamba tribesmen plus savage Abors and Mishmis to the east—well, I somehow don't believe that a penknife will do the trick . . ."

Winton was exaggerating, of course—we actually had a pistol, two hatchets and a utility-knife still, but behind his deliberately casual drawl I could sense a note of urgency, even fear. What had started out as a foolishly light-hearted rescue mission was now suddenly a desperate matter of survival for the rescuers themselves. It had all begun three days earlier, March 19, 1959, when Winton, Sydney Barton and myself had some down out of the Himalayas, discouraged at having failed to reach the summit of Thunkar Lhari, The Tiger's Claw (24,740 feet high), the highest—and still unscaled—peak in the autonymous frontier state of Bhutan.

The three of us had originally been members of a five-man team sponsored by the University of Queensland, Australia. All of us—except Winton who was an ex-Gurkha officer and who had found the peak, reconnoitred it and set his heart on climbing it—were Australian. Winton, originally English, was a Nepalese resident and an old hand at this part of the world. He had captained our group.

Things had gone badly from the start. Roger Joyce had been struck by polio at Camp 1—we thought it was altitude sickness—and had to be carried down to the hospital at Punakha. Edmund Fenner had chosen to escort him, thus ending his chances of reaching the top. The rest of us, after almost four weeks of stamping trails, cutting steps, fixing ropes—even at one point a rope-ladder—and tunnelling through an ice-ridge, found ourselves halted about 150 feet from the top by four or five columns of blue ice which thrust themselves out along the summit ridge. It was snowing hard and we were low on

Before Red Chinese enforced a break between the Dalai Lama (r.) and Panchen Lama (l.) they were photographed in Bombay after purchasing motion picture cameras. (r.) The Dalai and Panchen Lamas complete a 500-mile trek to India.

Tibetan youths in a photo release by Chinese communists discuss Red edict following the escape of Dalai Lama to India.

oxygen. To have gone on would have been suicidal. And so—bitterly disappointed—we had turned back.

We had reached our base camp in the 18,000-foot high Kuru-chu valley on the afternoon of March 19 and had been surprised to hear the crackle of small-arms fire coming from the Tibetan-Bhutanese frontier station. We sent our chief guide, Rangti, to find out what was happening. He returned a few minutes later so excited he could hardly talk. There was a revolt in Tibet, he managed to gasp. Bloody fighting in Lhasa between Tibetans and Chinese troops. The Dalai Lama was reported to be fleeing south to escape the Reds. And the gunfire? we asked. Hundreds of refugees had been piling up on the Tibetan side of the frontier for a couple of days. The Chinese frontier-troops wouldn't let them through and so finally they had taken things into their own hands and stormed the post, killing all the sentries . . .

Even as he spoke, Rangti was packing up his few belongings. Where was he going? we asked. Tibet. He himself was Tibetan, one of the handful of Catholics who'd been raised and educated at the St. Bernard Mission at Yerkalo. He'd been forced to flee ahead of the Chinese Reds in 1950 and hadn't been able to get his wife and children out. Now he was heading back. He wasn't sure to do what—to try and find them or join up with the Rebels or even to help the Dalai Lama escape. Although Catholic, he explained, he still felt reverence for his country's God-King. "I could no do until now," he said in the mixture of Bhutanese and broken French taught to him by the missionaries, "but now there is no border guards. I just to walk in . . ."

Just to walk in. My eyes met Winton's. Obviously we were both thinking the same thing. Because of the failure of the climb we were both restless, unfulfilled, hungry for excitement. We couldn't return to civilization with nothing accomplished.

"Well," drawled Winton finally. Shall we give His Serene Highness a hand in escaping the Reds?"

"Why not?" I had answered, trying to match his off-hand manner. "I've always wanted to visit mysterious, forbidden Tibet."

So there it was—decided on. Barton chose to return with the main part of our supplies to Punakha, meet the others there and start the long journey back to Rangupur where, he said, we would all meet—but from the way he spoke it was obvious he thought he'd seen the last of us. Now that I look back on it, I can understand why. It was as dangerous and foolish a mission as two supposed adults ever set out on. First of all, the Maharaja of Bhutan would probably never let us re-enter his state. It had taken us close to five months just to secure permission to climb one of his mountains, but then to suddenly go dashing into Tibet . . . And secondly, we didn't have the slightest idea which route the Dalai Lama was using. In his 1951 flight he'd used the main trade-route of Lhasa-Gyantse-Sikkim, but then of course the Chinese Reds had been to his east, now they blocked this main route. Winton thought he would use the Chinese-built Lhasa-Bhutan trail which we were setting out on, but as Rangti pointed out, the Chinese had a garrison at Towa Dzong, blocking this route. He thought, on the other hand, that the God-King would probably head through open country further east, thus reaching the dense cloud-and-rain country of the Khambas, the seven-foot warriors who were now his staunchest allies. The three of us decided, therefore, to head due-north until we reached Senge Dzong or ran into trouble—whichever came first—then head east into Khamba country.

With two rather uneasy Bhutanese porters carrying our food and supplies,

(continued on page 62)

Lt. Albert K. Murray of the Navy's "Operation Palette" recorded this tense moment in a battle between submarine and blimp in a graphic eye-witness sketch, later painted details.

"I NAILED THE NAZIS from a GALLOPING GOOSE!"

"I zeroed in on the group pouring from the conning tower and pulled the trigger. The BAR leaped in my arms like a thing alive. Every fifth bullet was a tracer and I saw them lacing into the struggling figures."

By Ed Harbacher

SOMETHING was about to happen. I could feel it in the air. And there were other signs too. Like the date—it was Friday, September 13, 1943, and this was our thirteenth training flight without so much as sighting an empty dinghy.

I'd felt this premonition the minute I'd made my way forward to the windowed bay between the pilots and unstrapped my binoculars, ready to begin the day's first watch. And now, twenty minutes later, as we passed over Barnegat buoy, a dancing blob of red hundreds of feet below, the feeling became stronger. To my right was a tanker, nose strangled in mud, standing stern up above the swells. Once the pride of the Shell oil fleet, now she was a gaunt, rusting scarecrow—victim of the daring wolf-packs which had operated only a couple of miles off the Jersey coast the summer before. A quarter-mile away my binoculars picked up a black object which rose above the crest like a periscope. A gull was circling it lazily. For a second my pulse quickened and I swung the binoculars back—then realized that it was the funnel of the "Glencorn Castle," also sunk the summer before. Slowly, expectantly, I combed the choppy water below, eyes peeled for mines, torpedo survivors, suspicious strings of bubbles or the feather spray of a periscope . . .

My premonition of today being IT seemed to be unshared by the rest of the crew. Most of them were clustered back by the pantry, waiting for the coffee to boil. I could hear navigator Rick Hyams singing lustily as he plotted our course. Behind me to the left, our skipper, Ensign Joe Fowler, was hunched glumly over the controls, still muttering under his breath about the latest insult leveled at Lighter-than-Air ship K-706, known more familiarly to the personnel at the U.S. Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey, as "The Galloping Goose."

This one had been delivered only ten minutes earlier, when, on reaching the ocean just off Orley Beach, we had apparently come too close to the 500-yard limit surrounding a southbound convoy of some twenty ships and had received this blinked warning from a hovering patrol blimp: "Aren't you the training blimp Galloping Goose? Keep your distance, Mister. Repeat. Keep your distance." To which our skipper had replied (but not by blinker), "- - - - you!" And then gone on to rant, "Who the hell do they think they are? We carry depth charges and guns just like them. Big shots! Just because we have a couple of not-too-bright cadets aboard . . ."

And I knew at this point that he was glaring directly at me. Unfortunately, I had helped the K-706 get its reputation as the goof-ball of the Navy Blimp Service. A couple of weeks earlier, on a training flight during which we were supposed to learn about marking target areas, the blimp had suddenly lurched just as I was examining one of those bronze powder bombs that scatter a shower of shiny metallic dust and I'd fumbled and dropped it. Well, to be brief, they have a very fragile shell and when the dust had settled, and even after we'd spent half an hour brushing ourselves off, the whole crew including the skipper, resembled those bronzed "living statues" of a circus tableau—much to the delight of the base personnel, of course.

But it was my buddy and fellow-cadet on this seven-month training course, Charley Rodgers, who had actually gone me one better and earned us our soubriquet. Taking over the controls for a landing a couple of months earlier, he had headed into the V of the drawn up landing party all right, but suddenly he had gunned the motor or something . . . The sixty men of the landing party had run for their lives as we went bouncing across the field like—according to eyewitnesses—a big-assed bird. Hence the name—"Galloping Goose." We still hadn't lived it down.

Remembering these various indignities, I tried to cheer the skipper up after this latest insult by saying, "Don't worry, sir. Today we're going to see action. I've got a feeling."

"Harbacher," he snarled, "Do me a favor and fall out a window." He turned to his co-pilot, Ensign Bill Downy. "Action he says. There hasn't been a sub in these waters for over six months."

That was true. The big war on shipping along the U.S. coast had taken place the year before. Now, thanks to convoy procedures, destroyers and blimps, things had eased up. The night before, we'd heard on the radio that Churchill had announced that during the last four months no ship had fallen prey to U-boats in the North Atlantic, and he'd added that during the first two weeks of September "no Allied ships were sunk by U-boat action in any part of the world." But still, U-boats were often being sighted—right off this coast. Only a week earlier, a Navy Kingfisher, based out of Quonset, Massachusetts, had sighted and almost sunk one just south of Nantucket Shoals. And in July a sub had suddenly sur-

"For a split second I saw the tall white letters, U-162, on her conning tower, then she settled into the churning sea again, rolling to one side then the other."

faced off Florida and shot down a patrol blimp with its deck gun. So they must be around, I thought, maybe right under us . . .

Back and forth I swung the binoculars, combing the Atlantic's roiled surface. Under ideal conditions, with the sun almost directly overhead and a calm surface, a large submerged object can be seen in more than ninety feet of water, but in a choppy sea like this and with the early morning sun hitting it from an angle so that it glistened like ice, one could only look for surface signs. A couple of miles down the coast I could see the blimp-protected convoy slowly plodding south. I swung the binoculars back, wishing I could sight something—if only for the skipper's sake.

Fowler wasn't a bad joe, really. Grumpy, sure—grumpy as hell. But why not? He wanted action, not to be teaching cadets the ropes. He was the best pilot in the service, a Goodyear airship man before the war who could make a dirigible do everything but stand on its nose. In the Navy he'd had to revamp his vocabulary completely, which hadn't made him too happy, ordering "Take a strain on the port bowline" where he'd once shouted, "Pull on that left nose line." But then, on top of everything else, to have his ship the laughing stock of the Navy! I could sympathize with . . .

Suddenly I noticed an oil slick. It was about a quarter-mile to starboard and it stood out against the surrounding chop like a long, stringy island. Focusing on it, I called out, "Oil slick twenty degrees to starboard, sir." I heard the skipper repeat the information into the intercom. A bell rang back in the engine-room and we swung toward it, picking up speed. The crew rushed to the windows. Above the car's roof I could hear the rudder and elevator cables whining as we banked sharply, coming in at it from about three hundred feet. The big 550-horsepower engines roared, shaking the whole cabin, as we continued to pick up speed, gliding along the trail of the long, narrow smear. I kept my binoculars glued to the twisting ribbon before me. Nothing unusual. Not even pieces of debris floating—well, yes, just one. An overturned crate. Focusing on it, I called, "Debris, sir. Hold it."

The skipper shouted an order, the bell rang and we banked into the wind, motors idling, and hung there above the slick like a hummingbird while I took a longer look at the crate. Suddenly I heard the skipper's voice. "Harbacher!" he roared. "Take a look out the stern window!" Surprised, I did. On the horizon I saw our big hanger, visible twenty miles out to sea. "Familiar?" he asked sardonically. I felt a queasy sensation in the pit of my stomach. No, it couldn't be—not that same slick! "Hyams!" The skipper was bellowing. "Give Mr. Harbacher our position."

"Lat. 32°04', Long. 74°01', sir," sang out the navigator.

"Harbacher, read from the Official Listings on Obstructions at that position! Go on, read—out loud!"

I unhooked the loose-leaf listings and read, "Lat. 32°04', Long. 74°01': Oil slick from torpedoed Brazilian tanker, 'Vladem,' sunk November 17, 1942. Oil will continue to ooze for approximately fifteen months."

"Resume former course!" shouted the skipper, and I could still hear him muttering above the renewed roar of the engines.

I went back to scanning the ocean. I felt about two inches high. I heard Downy, the co-pilot, saying, "Take it easy, Fowler, the kid was just eager—besides, you can't be too careful."

After about three minutes I felt that premonition again. A vague uneasiness. At the end of five I knew there was something definitely wrong. But I couldn't put my finger on what it was. A few more minutes ticked by as I scanned an empty ocean—then it hit me. That crate! Maybe it was just my imagination, but it seemed to have been floating strangely. And hadn't I noticed ripples flowing from the sides of it? No, I must have been dreaming. It just wasn't possible. There were no subs in this area. Besides, I didn't dare ask the skipper to return to the oil slick again. He'd bust me on the spot.

We were still moving south, follow-

Oil tanker the *R.P. Resor* was torpedoed and sunk by a Nazi submarine eighteen miles off the coast of New Jersey. Only two of crew were saved.

ing a zig-zag course, when I heard Sparks come forward and say to the skipper, "Here's last night's activity report, sir."

There was a silence while he looked it over. "Hmm," he said finally. "Here's one that might be for real. Two reports. The Coast Guard at Sandy Hook says their sounding devices picked up what might have been a sub at 4:21 a.m. And then at 6:42 a.m., the British freighter, 'Livingston'—the last ship of a convoy bound into New York—reports a torpedo fired across her bow off Long Branch. Sounds like a sub picking off stragglers."

"And moving south," agreed Downy, "at about the same rate of speed as that south-bound convoy ahead."

That did it. "Sir," I asked into the intercom. "Could we turn back and take another look at that oil slick?" Then I pulled off my earphones—but I could still hear the flow of cuss words from the semi-enclosed pilot's compartment. When I put them back on, he was saying, "So help me God, Harbacher, you pull one more goof . . ."

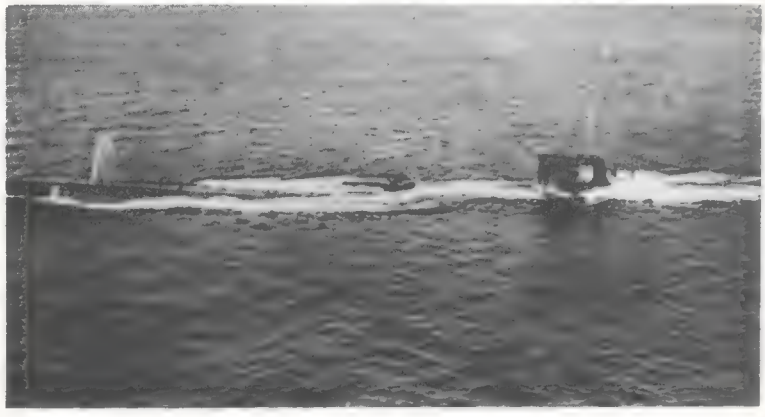
"No, sir. This is legit. There was something funny about that crate."

"If there's a sub under that slick," I heard him saying to the co-pilot, "she can see us by now through her periscope. Head to starboard in a broad arc, then cut in fast. It's our best chance."

Then the intercom crackled as he said, "Harbacher, if you're not right, I'm going to personally dump you overboard into that damn slick . . ."

Six minutes later we were over the oil slick again. Up ahead I could see the crate—it had moved at least a quarter-mile south. Too far for a freely floating object. By now I was sure it was tied to a periscope. The Germans had been using debris as camouflage ever since the blimps had gone into action. And sure enough—as we approached it, it suddenly sank out of sight. "Quick," I shouted, "the crate just disappeared."

The bell rang, the motors roared and we sped forward. Just above the spot it had disappeared, I could see nothing—just a glistening, sun-blinding surface. I kept my binoculars on the spot as we swung past, and as our fat, cigar-like shadow moved across it, the glare was cut off and I thought I saw something beneath the surface. "Sir, cut back sharply and hold," I said excitedly. "I think I've got something." There was no trace of impatience now in the skipper's voice as he gave the orders. We held, and suddenly—moving through the waters beneath our shadow was a dim, silvery shape like a huge shark, diving sharply. "A sub!" I shouted. " A sub!" "Right there, sir!" I pointed to the spot. I could hear the crew rushing to the windows, then rushing back as the skipper announced, "General quarters! O.K., Harbacher, I see it. Good work. Ready depth charges. Let's get him before he goes any deeper . . ."



A U.S. Navy blimp on Atlantic patrol soars over submarine. *(Below)* The German U-boat "U-39" rises to the surface after underwater maneuvers.

As the cabin banked sharply I rushed to my action station, the rear, glass enclosed bay. I plugged in my earphones and unhooked the BAR from the ceiling-strut, checked it over and winched open the top pane and waited. Maybe for once I'd have something to shoot at besides oil drums and target floats. We were coming in low and fast now and I had to brace myself against the 40° angle of descent. I could hear the skipper counting off slowly. I could imagine his hand closing around the depth-bomb release.

Suddenly we leveled off and I saw the charges falling in a neat, compact pattern. We banked sharply as they splashed into the sea. There was a tremendous explosion which buffeted us even from three or four hundred yards away and the sea roared up—and with it . . . yes, by God, yes! The battered sub nosed up like a flying marlin, the foam dropping away from her. For a split second I saw the tall white letters, U-162, on her conning tower, the crate atop her periscope, then she settled into the churning sea again, rolling to one side, then the other . . .

"You got her, sir! You got her!" I shouted excitedly into the intercom.

"No, you've got her now, Harbacher," came the answer. "We're going over for one more run. If we can't sink her it's going to be up to you to keep those deck guns from being manned until we

(continued on page 92)

combat artist jon whitcomb . . .

Jon Whitcomb, the artist, as he appeared just about the time these watercolors were done.

One of America's most famous artists and

violence and pathos of civilian and

ACTION . . .
(Right) "Amphibs come ashore D-Day"
(Below) "A phosphorus bomb explodes"

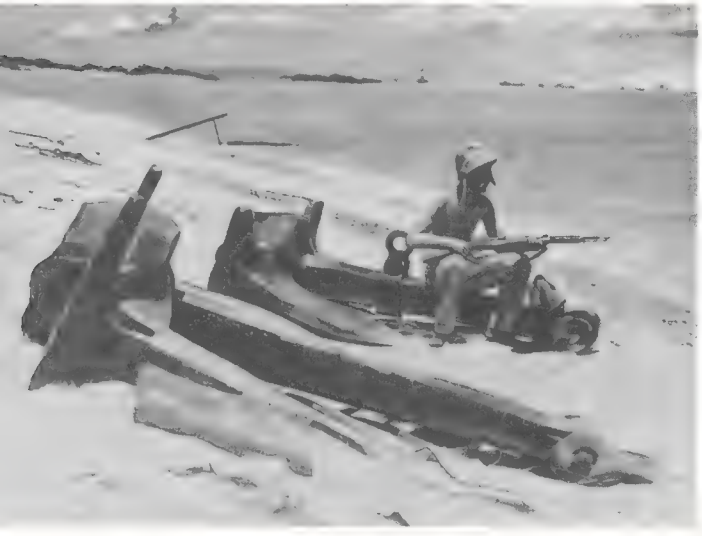
"somewhere in the south pacific"

illustrators recorded these graphic scenes of the tragedy, humor, military life during the war in the Pacific.

THE BUSINESS OF WAR . . .
"Marines drag heavy equipment up a steep bank"

EAST AND WEST . . .
"The devil dog and the devil dog" A curious symbolism is shown here as one of our leathernecks, his gun cocked in readiness, stands over this ferocious Japanese idol.

(Below, left) "A marine relaxes on some Japanese anchors, lying on the beach at Saipan, while in the distance some of our ships lay down a smoke screen, rehearsing for battles yet to come." (Below, right) "Wounded below decks."



(All illustrations courtesy of the U. S. Department of the Navy, Combat Art Section)

While a combat artist of the Navy's "Operation Palette," Lieutenant Jon Whitcomb painted these dramatic portraits of the face of war.

SIGNALMAN . . .
"Silhouetted against the brilliant Pacific sky, a signalman checks the 'Blinker,' a powerful searchlight equipped to flash code signals for inter-ship communications. This means of transmitting messages and orders from ship to ship is vital in the war zone where radio silence is imperative for security reasons."

LOVE THOSE KIDS . . .
"A corpsman washing the enemy" (Saipan)

NEXT . . .
"Everywhere he went, the American GI made the most of his surroundings and set up as far as he was able the 'comforts' of home. This shows a makeshift barbershop in the heart of Saipan."

WITH THE ENEMY ON SAIPAN . . . "Laundry dept. (above) and breakfast dept. (below)"

The Rendezvous

By Guy de Maupassant

France's greatest raconteur of the risque recounts a ribald tale of what happens when a Parisian beauty decides to be indiscreet . . .

ALTHOUGH she had her bonnet and jacket on, with a black veil over her face, and another in her pocket, which would be put on over the other as soon as she had got into a cab, she was tapping the top of her little boot with the point of her parasol, and remained sitting in her room, unable to make up her mind to keep this appointment.

And yet how many times within the last two years had she dressed herself thus, when she knew that her husband would be on the Stock Exchange, in order to go to the bachelor chambers of handsome Viscount de Martelet.

The clock behind her was ticking loudly, a book which she had half read was lying open on a little rosewood writing-table, between the windows, and a strong sweet smell of violets from two bunches of Dresden china vases mingled with a vague smell of verbena which came through the half-open door of her dressing-room.

The clock struck three, she rose up from her chair, turned round to look at herself in the glass and smiled. "He is already waiting for me, and will be getting tired."

Then she left the room, told her footman that she would be back in an hour, at the latest—which was a lie—went downstairs, and ventured into the street on foot.

It was toward the end of May, that delightful time of the year when spring seems to be besieging Paris, flowing over its roofs, invading its houses through their walls, and making the city look gay, shedding brightness over its granite *façades*, the asphalt of its pavements, the stones on its streets, bathing and intoxicating it with new life, like a forest putting on its spring vesture.

Madame Haggan went a few steps to the right, intending, as usual, to go along the Parade Provence, where she would hail a cab. But the soft air, that feeling of summer which penetrates our breasts on some days, now took possession of her so suddenly that she changed her mind and went down the Rue de la Chaussé d'Antin, without knowing why, but vaguely attracted by a desire to see the trees in the Place de la Trinité.

"He may just wait ten minutes longer for me," she said to herself. And the idea pleased her as she walked slowly through the crowd. She fancied that she saw him growing impatient, looking at the clock, opening the window, listening at the door, sitting down for a few moments, getting up again, not daring to smoke, as she had forbidden him to do so when she was coming to him, and throwing despairing looks at his box of cigarettes.

She walked slowly, interested in what she saw, the shops and the people she met, walking slower and slower, and so little eager to get to her destination, that she only sought for some pretext for stopping. At the end of the street, in the little square, the green lawns attracted her so much that she went in,

Illustration by H. W. Johnson

(continued on page 94)

Fear — raw terror of the power of the tongs — seals the lips of all Chinese who have been victimized by the secret societies.

By Arthur M. Ogilvie
Sergeant, Honk Kong Crown Colony Police

HONG KONG TERROR and the SPREAD-EAGLED NUDES

Illustrations by Howell Dodd

WE FOUND the members of the wealthy Chinese family—two men and three young women—staked out, spread-eagle-fashion, on the blood-soaked floor of the deserted Kowloon-side godown. They had been tortured, literally hacked and slashed to ribbons. The hideous mangled bundles of torn flesh were hardly recognizable as the remains of human beings.

Incredibly enough, one of the ghastly, mutilated things—one of the women—was still alive! Horrifying whimpers of hellish agony came from the gore-caked blowhole that had once been her mouth.

Doctor Wesley Auburn, the Police Surgeon who accompanied us, knelt down beside her. He shook his head grimly.

"No use," he grunted. "She'll be dead in less than an hour." He reached into his bag and began preparing a massive morphine injection.

"Could she possibly talk—give us any information at all?" Inspector David Pritchett asked.

"Not a chance," the surgeon replied over his shoulder. "Her tongue has been cut—or ripped—out of her head." He plunged the hypodermic needle into the woman's flesh and quickly injected the contents of the syringe.

Our men were already cutting loose the bloody ropes with which the victim's arms and legs had been lashed to stakes driven into the godown's hard-packed dirt floor. They placed the grisly corpses into canvas body-bags.

"I'll assign a detective or two to make a routine search and investigation," Inspector Pritchett said to me. "We'll hangle the rest ourselves, but I doubt if we'll learn much."

"I don't believe we'll learn anything!" I agreed. "We've got five more unsolvable murders."

To an outsider, our remarks would sound like calloused and pessimistic dereliction of duty. We were practically admitting that the Hong Kong police would be unable to solve the fiendish mass-murder even before the investi-

"The members of the tong rushed in, all wearing white handkerchiefs knotted around arms or neck as identification."

gation had begun. Yet, to those who live in the British Crown Colony, our gloomy outlook would have seemed completely reasonable. Residents of Hong Kong are acutely aware that the colony's police are virtually helpless against the "Horror Cults" that have been terrorizing and plundering there since the end of World War II.

This—the torture-murder of Ko Sun Wei, a rich merchant, his two daughters, oldest son and daughter-in-law—was unquestionably another "Horror Cult" outrage. We had guessed that when a mysterious caller had telephoned police headquarters to report the crime. It could have been only one of the killers—taunting the police, daring us to solve the crime.

It was not an unusual incident. Ko Sun Wei and his family were killed in the early part of September, 1958. There were at least 350 more Chinese, Eurasians and whites butchered in Hong Kong during that one month. The monthly total has risen as high as 1,032—and of all these murders, we are able to solve only the tiny percentage which are committed by individuals, none of those perpetrated by the terror-tongs that rule the Underworld of Hong Kong!

These organizations are modern-day versions of the age-old Chinese criminal tongs—the secret societies that em-

"They locked the doors of the brothel and inflicted the traditional 'death of a thousand cuts' on the Russian girl."

"A mysterious caller telephoned to report the crime to headquarters. It could have been only one of the killers."

ployed hatchet-men to carry out murders of revenge or convenience—or for profit.

The tongs have taken new roots in Hong Kong. Before the war, the population of the colony was somewhere in the neighborhood of half a million. Since V-J and the civil war which raged in China afterwards, the population has skyrocketted to an estimated 2,700,000!

The bulk of these people are refugees from the Communist Chinese mainland. They live in vast, festering slums that stretch for miles. There is not enough work or housing for them. Great numbers are penniless.

It is impossible to maintain any register or check on these teeming hordes, particularly since some of them return to China, while fresh thousands stream into the Crown Colony.

The situation is tailor-made for the criminals and cold-blooded, sadistic murderers who control the tongs.

There are countless thieves, robbers, killers among the refugees — to say nothing of the thousands who are forced into crime by poverty or turn to lawlessness by choice because it is the easiest way.

In addition to these factors, Hong Kong has always been known as a center of vice—of rampant, commercialized carnality—and as a center for the international narcotics trade, for smuggling and for commerce in stolen goods and contraband.

It is not surprising that the tongs were organized to gain control of these lucrative rackets. We have identified a total of 83 terror-tongs in Hong Kong to date, but there are more. It is estimated that altogether they have a total of 200,000 members in the colony. In 1957 alone, we obtained convictions against 6,100 Chinese under a decree that makes it possible to imprison anyone on "well-founded" suspicion that he is a tong-member. It is the only weapon we have. The tongs are secret organizations—and the members guard the secrets with their lives.

"Horror Cults," the Hong Kong press has labelled these secret societies—and with good reason.

Like the ancient tongs of China—which were the real powers behind emperors, princes and rulers of provinces and cities—the present-day tongs of Hong Kong kill, torture and ravish with or without reason. In official police jargon, they are referred to as "Triad Societies," which stems from the Chinese "Three Harmonies Society," as the first of all tongs was called centuries ago.

In the refugee camps and slums the tongs are all-powerful. They rule the Colony's prostitution, gambling, and gigantic dope-traffic. The penalty for opposing one of the "Triad Societies" in any way is the same as for revealing any of their secrets—death by slow, agonizing torture.

Many are the pitiful corpses of young girls I have examined after they were picked up in the streets of Hong Kong or Kowloon. Either they or their parents balked when the procurer for one tong or another demanded that the girl work for him as a prostitute.

Investigations of such murders — more than 900 in 1958 alone—invariably come to nothing. I speak fair Cantonese, the most common dialect in Hong Kong. I would question the relatives or friends of the dead girl and the interview would always follow the same pattern.

"Your daughter was killed because she refused to become a prostitute, isn't that so?" I'd ask.

"We are simple people. We know nothing of such things. She is dead. We know nothing else."

"Can you tell me the names of any of her friends or acquaintances who might be able to help find her murderer?"

"She is dead. That is all we know. We can tell you nothing else."

Fear—raw terror of the power of the tongs—seals the lips of all Chinese who have been victimized by the secret societies. And little wonder.

The tongs are far more than mere gangs or criminal rings. Applicants for membership pass through mystical rites and blood-ceremonials. The societies pretend to have occult and supernatural forces at their command and, incredible as it may seem, even educated, emancipated Chinese often believe these claims. Initiation into one of the tongs

Throngs of people hurry along a shop-lined street in the city of Hong Kong, last remaining stronghold of Western democracies against the Reds.

is a dark, fearful rite, always climaxed by the taking of a blood-oath and often with a human sacrifice!

Quite often, an applicant for membership to one of the "Triad Societies" is required to commit a cold-blooded murder to prove his courage before being considered worthy to begin the long "training" process leading to membership.

The horror cults do not restrict their operations to refugees or poor-class Chinese in Hong Kong. By no means. They extort tremendous sums of money from middle-class and upper-class Chinese by threatening to kill or maim them or their children.

That they are able to carry out such threats is proven by the murder of Ko Sun Wei and his family and by countless other similar crimes. Autopsies and intensive supplementary medical and laboratory examinations of the five Ko family victims in the Kowloon godown provided ample evidence to justify calling the "Triad Societies" by the name the newspapers have given them, "Horror Cults."

Inspector Pritchett had the reports on his desk a few days after the mass-murders had been committed. We went over them together.

"The women were raped repeatedly and subjected to every conceivable form of carnal abuse before the actual tortures began," Pritchett told me. "No doubt old Ko and his son were forced to watch."

"Have we gotten any hint as to which tong did it?" I inquired.

"None, but offhand I'd guess it was one of the larger ones—if for no other reason than because the killers had the gall to telephone police headquarters and give us the original tip as to the crime."

"You're probably right," I nodded, leafing through a sheaf of reports. "The telephone operator's log shows that the call gave full details, and that the tipster repeated the exact address of the warehouse twice. Only one of the bigger groups would be that cocksure . . ."

As we had expected, no amount of probing or questioning revealed so much as a shred of information on which we could proceed. Surviving members of Ko Sun Wei's large family politely—but firmly—refused to even discuss the crime with us, despite our threats to jail them on suspicion of having committed the murders themselves.

"Then arrest us if you must," they shrugged stoically. "Freedom is a precious thing, but there are times when a caged bird stays alive while one that flies freely through the forest falls prey to the hawks . . ."

With the results—or lack of them—a foregone conclusion, we did not pursue the investigation very long. In the first place, it was useless. In the second place, there were other tong-crimes to occupy our attention and energies, albeit with little or no more ultimate success.

Half-castes — Eurasians — and whites are not immune from tong vengeance and violence. The most vulnerable are those who are engaged in Hong Kong's multifarious after-dark enterprises. The Crown Colony has nearly 1,000 bars, cabarets, dives which are owned or operated by either Eurasians or whites and many times that number of brothels, bordellos, dope-dens and similar establishments catering to human vices and weaknesses.

These people, living as they do in the murky borderland between the law-abiding and the criminal worlds—and more often than not stepping across

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"Initiation into one of the dread societies is a dark, fearful rite, always climaxed by the taking of a blood-oath and often with a human sacrifice."

the line—find themselves at the mercy of the Chinese horror cults. Like their gangster counterparts elsewhere, the leaders of the tongs extort "protection" money from these individuals engaged in dubious pursuits. Refusal or reluctance to pay or to meet any other demands often have fatal consequences.

Such was the case recently with Olga Marzov, a White Russian refugee who had lived in Hong Kong for nearly thirty years. She operated two brothels in Victoria, the Colony's principal community and "capital." She was slow in paying a "special levy" imposed on her by the secret society which provided her "protection."

Olga Marzov dared not come to us. Her papers were not in order and she had been involved in a great many illegal dealings. We had several complaints and warrants outstanding against her which we had been unable to serve as we did not know her whereabouts. That may sound strange, but in the sprawling Hong Kong colony, where tens of thousands of people come and go and where there are not enough police to check on even a tiny fraction of them, it is very easy for a person to lose himself indefinitely.

In any event, the Marzov woman could not—or would not—pay. She was murdered by the tong who chose a particularly painful method to do away with her. Several members of the secret society appeared at the brothel in which she also lived. They locked the doors and inflicted the traditional "death of a thousand cuts" on the woman—while the whores who worked in the establishment were forced to witness the ghastly torture at gunpoint.

Inspector Pritchett and I teamed up to make the investigation of the murder after it had been reported. The inmates of the brothel—Eurasians and Chinese for the most part, although there were one or two white girls among them—had been terrorized into silence.

"What did the men look like?" I asked them, one after the other.

"I don't remember," was the standard reply.

"Well then, how many of them were there?"

"I don't remember."

"What did they say to Olga?"

"I don't remember."

Anyone who doubts the fantastic power and strength of the Hong Kong horror cults needs only to read Colony police files dealing with the bloody, costly riots which occurred there in the Fall of 1956. Basically, the disturbances were political in nature. Chinese Communist agents—of whom there are several thousand in Hong Kong—and Red sympathizers staged a series of mob-raids against the miserable slums inhabited by the anti-Communist refugees.

The refugees—staunch Nationalists—fought back, and within a few hours, the situation had gotten completely out of hand. All police reserves were mobilized and British troops garrisoned in the colony were turned out—but seas of raging humanity surged through the streets, shouting, burning, killing.

It was at the height of these riots that the "Triad Societies" sent their members out into the city. In the midst of the carnage, the men who were sworn to pillage and kill without question when ordered to do so by their leaders began a methodical sacking of the Colony.

Stores, shops, warehouses, private homes and offices were looted, stripped of everything of value until the total loss exceeded $25,000,000! This in itself would not be so remarkable, were it not for the reaction of the mobs themselves.

Rioters who charged fearlessly into knife and gun-wielding hostile crowds or faced the fire of police and soldiers without flinching, shrank back in terror when the tong members appeared on the scene!

It was easy for the Chinese to recognize them. By agreement between the heads of the tongs—as we were to learn later, when it was too late—the "Triad Societies" looters all wore white handkerchiefs knotted around necks or arms.

Unbelievable as it may seem to Westerners, even the Communist agents—themselves hardly amateurs when it comes to spreading terror—stepped aside or slunk away when they saw men wearing the identifying strips of white cloth!

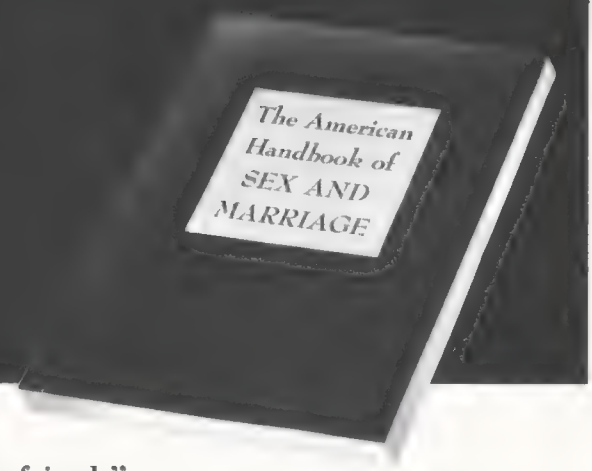
The phenomenon was witnessed by many members of the white colony and duly reported afterwards in the Hong Kong press.

We arrested a considerable number of looters wearing white handkerchiefs during the riots. Despite all threats or persuasion—including the somewhat strenuous methods used by native Chinese police—the prisoners refused to talk about their tong-connections. We were forced to try them on charges of looting and under the provisions of "Administrative Order 193" which provides prison terms of up to ten years for "reasonable suspicion of member ship in a 'Triad' secret society."

Despite such drastic measures, there is no sign that the power of the horror

In sprawling Hong Kong colony, there are not enough police to check on thousands of transient population. Missing persons are very seldom located.

Have you ever read a good sex book?



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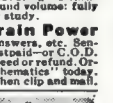

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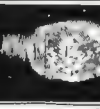

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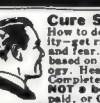

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cults has been broken or even weakened. On the contrary, they seem to grow constantly stronger, more numerous and more audacious.

All of us who are members of the Crown Colony's police forces know that the reasons for this are as obvious as they are manifold.

The tradition of the secret society organized for criminal and terroristic ends—the tong—is deeply ingrained in every Chinese. A Chinese child hears the whispered stories and legends of the tongs and the hatchetmen at his mother's knee. By the time he reaches adolescence, respect for and fear of the diabolical, allegedly necromantical, Triad Society horror cult is part of his nature.

Hong Kong is well-suited for the growth of these demoniacal organizations. The vast influx of refugees—which continues unchecked to this day—produces social and administrative chaos. The colony is bursting at the seams. It is located within a stone's throw of the menacing Chinese Communist colossus on the mainland.

There are not enough police. By Western standards, there are only enough police to take care of the needs of the community—a normal community—one-third the size of Hong Kong.

In the first few months of 1959, the tongs have begun to branch out. They are feeling their strength. Wealthy, prominent white businessmen and residents of the colony have been threatened in the same way as their Chinese counterparts. Several kidnappings have taken place, although in every instance but one the victim was released upon payment of ransom. In the single exception, the bullet-riddled corpse of a British exporter was found floating in the Canton River.

No. We have not yet solved any of these crimes. We find that the white victims and the white witnesses are as reluctant to talk as the Chinese.

The tong killers have begun attacking police officers. Six policemen have been shot down or knifed to death since the beginning of 1959. I, myself, was attacked one night while making an investigation near Signal Mountain.

I had left a well-known cafe and was walking down a dimly-lit street toward my car. Suddenly, two men stepped from a dark doorway and blocked my path.

Fortunately, I saw the glint of a knife-blade and was able to draw my service revolver in time.

"Drop it!" I ordered in Cantonese.

Instead of obeying, both men lunged at me—and both had knives. I had no choice but to shoot. My first bullet caught one of my assailants in the belly and dropped him before he could get close enough to do any damage.

The other man's knife raked my chest before I could fire again. I threw myself to the cobbled pavement and fired up—twice—putting one bullet into the thug's head and killing him instantly.

My own wound was painful, but not serious. I was able to conduct the interrogation of the first man myself after he had been taken to the hospital. We established that he and his companion were members of a "Triad Society" who had been specifically ordered to kill me.

"Why?" I demanded.

"Because you have probed too much in tong affairs," the wounded thug groaned. "We were to have killed you—then your superior, Inspector Pritchett. And sooner or later some of our people will kill you both!" he added defiantly.

The man—a lithe Chinese in his late 20's—refused to name which of the horror cults had sent him to murder me. He refused to say anything more—but even so, he had talked too much.

Somehow during the night—despite the fact that there were several armed and alert guards in the prison hospital—he was silenced forever. Attendants discovered a knife thrust into his body the next morning. Jammed into his mouth was the red-painted wooden wand—about the size and shape of a lead pencil—which is the traditional terror-tong symbol left behind when an informer is "executed!"

The fear is spreading rapidly into all levels and all corners of Hong Kong society. Now, as of April, 1959, there is a new and more terrible threat facing the authorities as well as the populace. Inspector Pritchett informed me of it with a grim, worried face one morning.

"We've received information—from a usually reliable source—that the tongs are uniting into one, gigantic crime cartel!" he announced. "The leaders of the various societies have been meeting secretly to create a single, top command . . ."

This is what we have always feared the most. It will be months before we can be sure that the report is correct and before the more than 80 horror cults of Hong Kong could possibly reach agreement.

But if the report is true—and the tongs *do* organize a cartel or syndicate with a central command . . .

Neither I nor anyone else can envision the result. Certainly the murders and tortures will increase until all Hong Kong is plunged into a monstrous bloodbath.

Already, Hong Kong—the Crown Colony long beset by fear—is now besieged by terror, awaiting a holocaust. . . .

THE END

An aerial view of the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong where secret Tong "Horror Cults" have been terrorizing since the end of World War II.

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An international authority on birth control tells all you need to know about preventing conception: contraceptives, the rhythm method, "safe period," the new pills and diaphragms...

The Prevention of Conception

By Abraham Stone, M.D.

Associate Clinical Professor of Preventive Medicine, New York University College of Medicine; Director, Margaret Sanger Research Bureau, New York City; Co-author of "A Marriage Manual" and "Planned Parenthood."

FAMILY PLANNING has become a widely accepted practice in this country. Present-day social, economic, and cultural conditions make child spacing and family regulation desirable. Families in all strata of society are increasingly resorting to measures for the voluntary control of procreation.

From time immemorial man has attempted to control the size of the family. Among primitive peoples unwanted babies were often left exposed or were destroyed, and infanticide was a widespread measure for limiting the number of children. Later man learned that instead of destroying the child after birth it was possible to destroy the products of conception before birth. Thus abortion came into wide practice.

With the growth of knowledge, however, and with the increase in the understanding of the physiology of reproduction, man learned that it was not necessary to destroy the child either before or after birth, since it is possbile to control parenthood by preventing conception.

The principles of control of conception are based on the principles of the physiology of conception. The origin of a new life depends on the meeting and the union of a sperm cell and an egg cell, and the prevention of conception depends on preventing this meeting. Basically, the principle of most contraceptive methods is to prevent the sperm cells from gaining access into the uterus and tubes.

The Ideal Method. The requirements for an ideal contraceptive are: First, harmlessness: there should not be any likelihood of any harm either to the husband or wife or future offspring resulting from its use. Secondly, reliability: it should provide certain protection in nearly every instance. Thirdly, acceptability: it should satisfy the individual needs of those who are to use it, which in turn depends on the method being simple and practical, inexpensive, aesthetically satisfactory, without interference with the spontaneity of the sexual act.

While the ideal contraceptive has not yet been attained, methods are known today that are entirely harmless, that give a maximum of protection, and are generally satisfactory. Further research is still needed, however, to

(continued on page 88)

(From: SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE, Edited by Morris Fishbein, M.D. and Ernest Burgess, Ph.D. Copyright 1947, 1955, by Morris Fishbein. Published by Doubleday and Company, Inc.)

"Imagine Bill and Me Living in Sunny Florida -on less than it costs back home!"

READ HOW THIS HAPPY STORY CAN BE YOURS!

YES, HERE WE ARE on our own homesite in beautiful Cape Coral, Florida . . . feeling like a couple of newlyweds in the warm, healthful sunshine. My husband, Bill, likes to fish and he's discovered Cape Coral is a fisherman's paradise. I like gardening. So while my friends back home will still be fighting colds and chills, I'll be having the time of my life growing flowers, fruits and vegetables in my backyard.

Everything's Brand-New and Beautiful!

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You should have seen the look on Bill's face when he first found out we could buy a big 2-lot homesite in Cape Coral for as little as $1320 and pay only $20 down and $20 a month. He got so excited he sat right down then and there and figured out we could pay for our homesite out of our regular budget WITHOUT DRAWING ONE EXTRA PENNY OUT OF THE BANK!

After that, all Bill could talk about was Cape Coral. About how land values are rising 100% . . . 150% . . . even 200% in a few short months. And about how we couldn't possibly lose on Cape Coral property even if we decided later not to move in, because we were sure to sell the land for its original price and very possibly make a nice profit.

Living Here Is One Long Honeymoon!

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(continued from page 10)

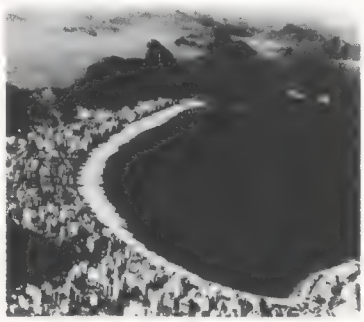
Somebody tapped my shoulder. I turned. It was Joao, the guide. "Come along, my friend," he urged. "You haven't seen anything yet . . ."

I turned away and followed him toward the beach, threading my way through the crowd which kept threatening to engulf us. On our way out in the car I had asked Joao a few questions about Spiritism and he had spoken rather contemptuously about the whole business. "It is just ignorant superstition, senhor," he had said. "Our people are Catholic. It is only the ignorant who indulge in such things." This is the answer one would expect from a government-authorized guide speaking to a foreigner, and yet now I noticed that, like the others, he had bought a candle and lit it, glancing rather guiltily in my direction. And looking around for myself I could see that it appealed to a lot more than just ignorant peasants. Crossing Avenida Atlantica I saw the endless line of chauffeured limousines disgorging the rich, the beautiful and the prominent.

Actually, the fantastic upsurge of Spiritism in Brazil is a phenomenon of the last decade only. I had spent the last day or so in the Bibliotheca Nacional researching a bit of its background and found that in the 1950 census some 900,000 Brazilians declared themselves Spiritists whereas the estimate today is that over 10 million people indulge in the cults. There are close to a dozen different "churches" or organizations that serve these Spiritists. The largest and the oldest is the Brazilian Spiritual Federation which, inspired by the tales of mediums and table-rapping in the books of the Frenchman, Allan Kardec, was founded in 1885 and now has more than 3,600 centers throughout the country. The fastest growing is the Confederacao Espirita de Umbanda which claims over 1,000 centers in Rio alone. The clergy in these wierd cults are usually magic-working mammies called "babalaos" and the centers are known as "terreiros" or "earth places."

Spiritism's origins go back to Africa. Slaves brought their gods with them and, after suffering a sea-change, these were re-established in the New World. Thus, among the Nagos, Yemanja was a river goddess who became a sea goddess and patroness of eroticism in Brazil. Calunga, the Bantu sea god, became the god of death during the trip across the ocean. The deities also merged with the Catholic pantheon so that Oxala is both the Lord of Creation and Christ. Other Spiritist deities like Xango-Agodo, god of medicine, and Ogun, the war god, have their roots in Satanism and witchcraft, while others such as the amorous Indian god Arruda were borrowed from Hinduism. There is a strong streak of Satanism in Spiritism as well as erotic and fetishistic elements—as I was soon to see for myself!

We had reached the beach now and were struggling through the crowds toward the water. Wierd, candle-laden altars had been set up on all sides. They were heaped with fetishes, food offerings, bottles of beer and local rot-gut called "cachaca." Thousands of bouquets of white chrysanthemums—Yemanja's traditional flower — were heaped on the altars. Bonfires burned before many of them, casting lurid shadows along the sand and the shiny, perspiring faces of the drummers who



surrounded each altar, beating out their pulsating rhythms.

"It is still early," said Joao. "Things have not yet begun."

I glanced around, thinking that they were doing all right as it was. Down at the water's edge, people were placing little wax figures, candles and flowers in paper boats and floating them out into the dark ocean. Thousands of them were sailing into the inky blackness like constellations of stars. Every now and then one would sink and a great, terrifying wail would go up from the crowd on the shore—"Aaaiiieeaah!"

"They are seeking favors from Yemanja," said Joao. "Each wax figure represents a loved or . . ." He paused. ". . . a hated one."

"Like that one?" I pointed to where a woman had dug a hole in the sand. Placing a lighted wick floating in a can of oil inside an old shoe box, she now very carefully transferred the box into the hole and covered it over.

"Yes," admitted Joao uncomfortably. "That is to kill someone. As long as the flame burns, the victim will live, but when it goes out—he or she will stop breathing."

The images of Yemanja on the altars ranged all the way from sweet, Italianate variations on the Virgin Mary to dark and lascivious figurines and on to wooden masks with eyes like billiard balls, huge chalk-white fangs and hair reaching to the ground. Some were so obscene that they can't be described in print. People were clapping their hands to the rhythm of the drums and some of them had even begun to dance, slowly, hesitantly, with strange convulsive movements.

Before one such altar danced five people, three men and two women, all from various walks of life to judge from their clothes. One of the women was obviously a "favella"-dweller, the other—a pretty brunette—might have been a university student or secretary.

Things were really getting under way now. The drums were beating faster, more people were dancing. Down the beach a way we watched a black-gowned "babalao" kill a chicken and fling it into the air as a jangle of bells marked its ascent and its fall among the cabalistic diagrams drawn in the sand. She leaned forward—yes, the omen was good. A wild cheer went up from the crowd. Two men led a young girl forward into the circle. With three easy motions they stripped off her blouse, skirt and underpants. By the strangely flickering firelight I saw that the points of her breasts had been rouged and on her belly someone had painted a circle with two short projections, like horns. The mark of Satan. The girl now began to dance, her face blank, eyes withdrawn like she was in a trance. The drums throbbed and she moved faster and faster—short, jerky, almost convulsive movements that made her breasts flop back and forth. Her slender, pale white body was smeared with some kind of paste and it glistened wetly in the firelight.

The "babalao"—helped by two men who might have been accountants from the way they were dressed—now carried forward a life-size statue of Yemanja made of carved and painted wood. At least Joao said it was the goddess—I couldn't believe it because although it had a woman's face and long hair, it had the body of a man. Tall and muscular, its straddled legs were those of a goat, but the monstrous caricature of the virile male organ between them was not.

"Yemanja has two erotic natures," explained Joao. "Male and female combined in the same body."

The girl had stopped dancing. Turning to the statue, she pressed herself close to it and kissed each wooden cheek. Then—with a sudden shrill cry

(continued on page 60)

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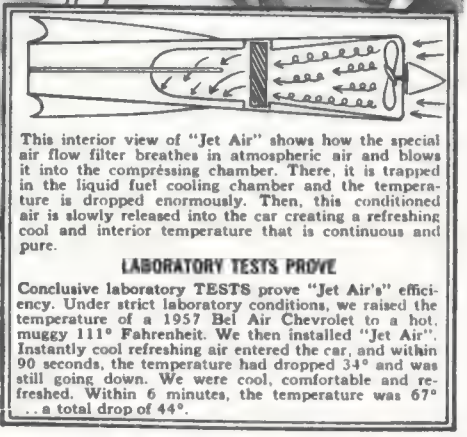

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—she embraced it, enfolding its limbs with her arms and legs. The drums kept pace with her tortured writhing, and so did the crowd's handclaps, beating faster and faster to an excruciating crescendo until she sank, limp and exhausted, to the sand.

I wanted to see what would happen next, but Joao was tugging at my sleeve and pointing back up the beach toward the boulevard. The main body of the crowd was now surging back in that direction and so we allowed ourselves to be carried along. As we drew near, I saw two immensely fat negro mammies leading a thin, bedraggled looking cow down the beach. As the crowd came swarming around, they halted, chanting some message.

Suddenly one of the mammies, who was obviously a "babalao," whipped a machete out from somewhere inside her voluminous skirt and fell on the cow, hacking fiercely at its throat. "Thunk-thunk" went the blade, and then adroitly and suddenly the other mammie leaped forward and jerked up the beast's muzzle, and the blood gushed forth in an arc as thick as your arm. With a scream of delight, the people crowded in, putting out hands and cups to be annointed. I saw Joao himself dart forward, clawing his way through the crowd to reach the flow. Afraid of losing him, I followed. The cow had just keeled over, mercifully dead, but the "babalaos" continued to direct the spray.

Some men carrying heavy burlap bags came shoving through the crowd. They dropped them in the sand and with a couple of deft machete strokes slit them open. Rice poured out. The "babalaos" squirted the cow's jugular into the mounds of rice and handfuls were immediately snatched into the mouths of the devout. Those behind were now shoving their way forward, screaming and clawing in their frenzy to reach the blood. Suddenly I was shoved forward and knocked to the ground. The "babalaos" continued to direct the spray in all directions and as I climbed to my knees I felt the spurt hit me, my face and chest suddenly bathed in a warm, metallic-tasting shower of blood. Nauseated, I staggered to my feet and whipped out my handkerchief, wiping it from my eyes. Before I knew what had happened the handkerchief had been torn from my hands by those eager for the blood.

Standing there in the midst of this half-crazed mob, I looked for Joao but couldn't locate him. Behind this savage and ancient scene of blood sacrifice rose the slim concrete-and-glass apartment buildings and hotels for which Copacabana Beach is so famous. I couldn't believe that I was still in Rio. My main idea now was to get out of here. I'd seen enough.

I shoved my way back out of the mob and started up the beach toward the boulevard. Things were really wild now. I glanced at my watch. A few minutes past midnight. Suddenly a bloodcurdling scream came from somewhere behind me. I whirled around. A young man, wearing nothing but a shirt and tie, had just wrestled a pretty girl to the sand and was tearing her clothes off as he shouted the word "Arruda" over and over. This was the amorous Indian god who was thought to inspire erotic thoughts. Suddenly another man leaped out of the crowd

and grabbed him by the collar. He was a big, burly fellow and with one quick jerk he had him on his feet. With his other hand, he whipped out a .45 and emptied it into the young man's belly.

I turned away, sickness and horror welling up in me. It wasn't possible! Things like this simply didn't happen in a modern city of two and a half million people! Up on the boulevard I heard police whistles blowing and saw a couple of helmeted cops trying to battle their way through the mob to investigate the shots. They were knocked to the sidewalk, their guns wrestled from their hands, and kicked and pummelled mercilessly by the crowd. I thought I caught the sudden flash of a knife. I must have, because seconds later I saw the battered and bleeding body of one of the cops being passed along over the heads of the crowd toward the water—an added offering to Yemanja, I suppose.

Behind me there was more shouting. I turned. The man with the .45 was being menaced by two other, younger men, apparently relatives of the murdered man, while they in turn were surrounded by a shouting, gesticulating mob. I caught the word "esposo" which was the same as Spanish—husband. It looked like a full-scale riot was about to go off at any second.

Things had risen to a fever-pitch now. Drums throbbing wildly, sweating, wild-eyed worshippers dancing trance-like around the fires, shrieking snatches of sentences or repeating the word "Yemanja" over and over. Those possessed by Arruda and the spirit of eroticism had ripped off their clothes and were rolling in the sand, twitching and groaning. Here and there couples had grabbed one another and paired off, performing every type of intercourse imaginable as they were cheered on by hand-clapping crowds.

As I passed one group I saw a man dressed in ordinary business clothes writhing wildly in the sand to the beat of the drums, screaming, "Exu! Exu!" People in the crowd were pointing at him with looks of horror and repeating the word. Exu, I knew from my research, was the spirit of pure evil, said on occasion to overcome a person in a state of trance.

Dazed, I turned away and struggled on through the sand. Suddenly a young girl, half-naked, came running up to me. Before I knew what was happening she had taken me in her arms and was caressing me wildly. Sticking out her tongue, she licked my blood-stained shirt, her hands running lightly up and down my body. Then, forcing my lips down to hers, she kissed me, long and writhingly, with sulphurous breath. The next instant someone had grabbed me from behind and I was whirled around. Three or four grim-faced men confronted me. This was it, I knew. One of them set himself, knees slightly bent, then swung at me with a right that came from somewhere down near the ground. I saw it coming, but I was too dazed to dodge . . .

It was Joao who shook me back to consciousness. Painfully I opened my eyes, then closed them quickly. It was daylight. A blazing red sun hung low on the horizon. After another few minutes I tried again, and then struggled shakily to my feet, every muscle in my body aching. I felt my jaw. It was raw and swollen but not broken. Then I felt for my wallet and wasn't surprised to find it missing. Fortunately I'd left most of my money and important papers back at the hotel.

"I was very worried, senhor," said Joao contritely, "when we got separated last night. I look everywhere. Did you get hurt?"

"Not as bad as I could have," I said. "Just clipped on the jaw and robbed."

I looked at Joao. He'd apparently gone home and changed into a new suit. He looked as fresh as a daisy in his starched drills, the epitome of the neat Rio businessman. He made no mention of the fact that he'd lost me the night before in his eagerness to

(continued on page 62)

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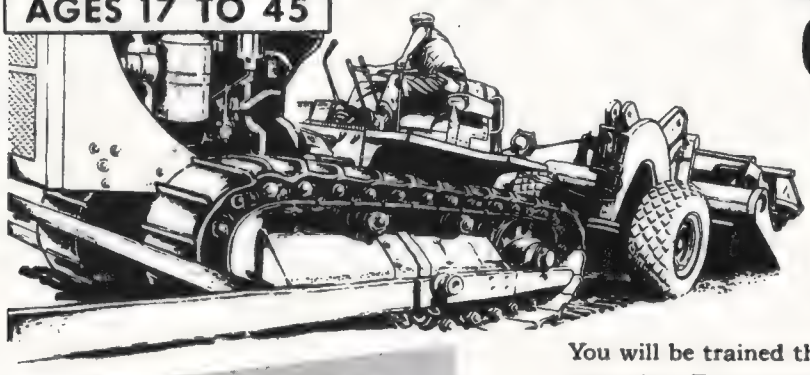

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get at the magic blood and I decided not to embarrass him about it. I glanced around the beach. There were groups of sleeping people lying here and there, smashed altars and smoking fires. The sand was littered with the night's grisly debris—fetishes and bottles, blood, clothing, the headless carcasses of sacrified goats and chickens. And bodies. Some sleeping, some unconscious—and undoubtedly some dead.

I saw a police detail moving along the beach, shaking the sleeping couples, trying to determine the damage, and up on the boulevard were a number of parked ambulances.

As we walked across the sand toward the boulevard I looked up at the sleek and glistening buildings, pink in the morning sun—the Excelsior, Copacabana Palace, Ouro Verde, Miramar Palace, Hotel Regente, Olinda, the Lancaster—posh and international, and along Avenida Atlantica I watched the Continentals and the Cadillacs purr past, now carrying their owners to business, golf clubs and smart lounges. Rio was putting on her suave, cosmopolitan face again. Like Joao said, as we crossed the boulevard to the air-conditioned Chrysler:

"All that last night, senhor—it is sheer nonsense, created to take in the foolish and the ignorant. It means nothing!"

So be it, Joao—till next year at least.

THE END

"We Helped Tibet's Dalai Lama Escape!"

(continued from page 35)

we set out the next morning. Winton and I were dressed in Yak-skin parkas, baggy trousers stuffed into soft leather boots that came to our knees and cone-shaped felt hats with narrow brims, our faces smeared with yak-grease against the burning, high-altitude sun but also to help us pass as Tibetans. For it's still very much Forbidden Tibet. Foreigners are still killed on sight—if not by bandits then by Lama warriors who think that their sacred soil is profaned by foreign feet.

Tibet, I thought excitedly as we crossed the frontier—the roof of the world, held up by two walls that rise above it at an altitude of eighteen to twenty thousand feet. The Kunlan in the north, Himalaya in the south. From there, says the legend, all you have to do is climb the steps of the heavens, pass beyond the roof of the world, and come to the dwelling of the gods.

The Kuru-chu valley, with its thundering river, closed in rapidly. The path plunged through narrow gorges, threading between high walls, a plank bridge occasionally hugging the winding rock wall above ravines thousands of feet deep. Merchants and refugees hurried back suspiciously. Sections of the trail were overgrown with heavy, leathery underbrush which was cut down only for the passage of a Lama, nobleman or other important person. The altitude made our heads spin and brought on fits of uncontrollable laughter. Toward evening, after the rapid heating of the valley by the sun, the daily wind-storm hit—a fierce, howling gale carrying snow and ice down from the eternal snows, dropping the temperature at least thirty degrees. That night we slept in a deserted Lamasary.

The next day we crossed the Kuru-chu which now twisted west. It was during this venture that I had my narrow scrape with death, that we sighted Chinese paratroopers being dropped along the border, lost our one rifle, then our Bhutanese porters and all our supplies . . .

There was nothing to do now but keep going. On the far side of the river we met a large group of refugees, waiting to cross. They told Rangti that the Chinese had squashed the revolt in Lhasa itself and were carting off thousands of Tibetans for slave-labor. The Dailai Lama, however, hadn't been found yet. He was fleeing south. Not on this trail, they though, but through open country to the east . . .

That determined it for us. Buying sturdy little Tangan ponies from these refugees, we turned east at bleak and windy Lake Pomo Tso, 16,000-feet high, and headed east through open country. For six days, fifteen hours a day, we rode, through limitlessly white mountains, across plains swept by icy winds so violent that rocks were tumbled along, following craggy, ice-veined trails, subsisting on buttered tea and yak-milk that we bought from an occasional herdsman—and then, on the seventh day, it happened!

There had been signs before that, of course. The second day out, on a broad stretch of plain, we had seen three objects sticking up. As we'd ridden up to them we had seen that they were Tibetan prayer-flags and atop each of them were bloody, severed heads, their eyes and tongues already gone black, infested with flies. They were Lamas' heads—one could tell by their earrings. Some Chinese characters had been scrawled on a piece of wood and wired to them. The sign was clacking vacantly in the wind. Then we had heard airplane motors in the distance and had ridden for cover.

The next day, as we were riding down toward the cloud-line through wet and slippery rock country—Khamba country—we heard motors again. We spurred our ponies on. The motors died out to the west. An hour later we suddenly heard them again—loud. But we were already protected by a low ceiling of clouds. Then suddenly, just ahead of us, a fighter-plane came skimming down out of the overcast and roared directly overhead. "Let's head for those trees," I shouted.

"Why?" Winton called. "We look like Tibetans."

"No matter," said Rangti, "I think they shoot nohow . . ."

He was right. The plane came circling back. It looked like an old Mustang. Little sparks flamed from its wings and bullets whanged into the rocks where we had just been. "Whew!" whistled Winton.

The following day found us deep in the rain-and-cloud country south of Lake Trigu Tso. It was getting constantly warmer and damper. We were plagued by mosquitoes. Heavy evaporation and decompostion of humus produced ferns and other intertropical plants. The fog was so thick that we could only see a few feet ahead of us.

On the sixth day, moving across a fog-shrouded plain, Rangti had suddenly stopped and held up a hand in warning. We stopped and listened. There was a heavy tread—the kind produced by hundreds of horses on the move. We dismounted, tethered the ponies and crawled through the fog. Rangti pointed. A shadowy column of riders was on the move across the plain, riding at an angle to us, from south to north. We could plainly hear the commands shouted in Chinese and see the Russian-style fur caps and submachine guns they carried. A few hours later we just missed the same column—or maybe it was another one—moving in the opposite direction.

Early on the seventh day, as we were still feeling our way across the fog-bound tundra, we heard the galloping of hoofs behind us. There was a shot and a bullet went whanging overhead, and before we could make another move we found ourselves surrounded by ghostly, mist-shrouded figures on horseback. One of them dismounted and approached. He was an immense man with a bony, Mongolian face, wearing a great

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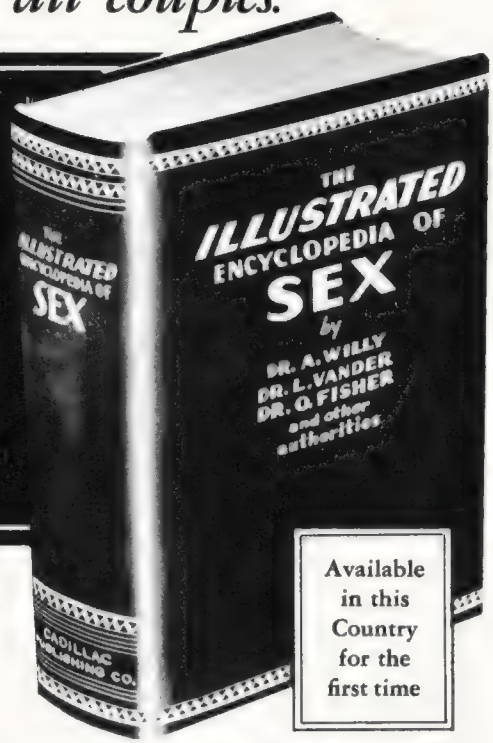

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shaggy cap, an ankle-length robe and leather boots. A three-foot sword hung from his waist and an old-fashioned Mauser was slung over his shoulder. There was no mistaking him for anything but a Khamba tribesman.

He gestured to me to dismount and as I did he struck me a savage blow across the face that sent me reeling. Rangti immediately began chattering in the Khamba dialect and the big man turned on him, a sneer twisting his lips. The other tribesmen had dismounted also and were pressing in around us. They were a wild, vicious-looking bunch.

"Tell them that we're here to help the Dalai Lama," Winton ordered Rangti. The guide said he already had but that they thought we were Russians. They were the only white men these tribesmen had ever seen—some Soviet engineers who'd been directing the construction of a dam on the Tsangpo River the summer before. Russians, I thought as a cold finger of fear moved up my spine—allies of the hated Chinese. Suddenly I was grabbed from behind and expertly trussed into a kneeling position. The same thing had happened to the others. We were then dragged over to where three captured Chinese soldiers kneeled.

The Khambas now proceeded to make camp. After they'd eaten, cleaned their rifles and talked for awhile, a couple of them came over to where we knelt, looked us over and then grabbed Rangti. They stripped him, staked him to the ground, face down, his arms and his legs drawn out as though for quartering. Then they began beating him with a flexible board made specifically for that purpose. After a few hundred strokes on one section they would move to another. His screams mingled with the moaning of the wind. After an hour of this they untied him and tossed him over to where we were, indicating with signs that this is what they were going to do to us. From his shoulders to the soles of his feet, the poor little Tibetan was one frightful wound. He died within an hour, still screaming.

The other Khambas, who'd been drinking arrak from goatskin bags all this while, now grabbed the Chinese soldiers. One of them they tied to a stake and riddled with poisoned arrows. While the aconite was obviously taking effect, the big, bony-faced chief strolled over and whipped out his sword. It gleamed momentarily and then the Chinese soldier's head, slashed off just above the mouth, went rolling onto the ground. The other two they stripped, lashed their hands behind their backs, then wound tough, thong-like cords around their sex organs, attaching the other ends to one of our little Tangan ponies. Whipping the pony viciously, they suddenly released it. The two Chinese screamed and started running as fast as they could, trying frantically to keep up with the speeding animal. They hadn't gone more than a few yards before they both stumbled and fell, their bodies jerked along by the animal's brute strength, agonized screams ripped from their throats. About a hundred yards away the cords got tangled in the thick grass and there was a blood-curdling shriek as both cords went twisting through the air. The soldiers' bodies bounced to a stop. When the Khambas carried them back I saw that the cords had done their work. But they beheaded them both for good measure anyway.

Glancing around, the tribesmen saw that only Winton and I were left. They untied us both and made us strip off our clothes despite the cold night wind that had already sprung up. "God, I hope this is fast," said Winton as they staked us out in the wet, slimy grass. I was too scared to answer him. I just lay there with my eyes closed, waiting for the first stroke . . .

It never came. After awhile I heard the muffled tread of many horses on the move and I opened my eyes. All the Khambas had prostrated themselves on the ground, and ahead through the fog I saw hooded riders approaching. There seemed to be hundreds of them, moving along in single file. "It must be the Dalai Lama!" whispered Winton. "This group of Khambas was a scouting party sent ahead to clear the way." Cavalrymen with slung rifles passed by first, then rangy muleteers in peaked caps with big earlflaps goading their baggage-mules along, and behind them, slumped in their saddles, yak-skin robes covering their finery, came the state officials, their dangling turquoise earrings denoting their various ranks.

Suddenly I heard Winton shout in English, "Mery! Mercy! Great One!" One of the Khambas leaped up, sword in hand, to silence this outrageous infidel, but before he could, one of the officials had ridden over and dismounted. He peered down at us, amazement on his face, and then said something in French. "Oui, oui, nous somme amis!" gasped Winton and I knew the nightmare was at last over . . .

Later in one of the Khamba tents, we sat over a National Geographic map with this official, drinking buttered tea. "Show me the route you followed," he said in the French which he explained Heinrich Harrer, the German explorer, had taught him during World War II. "And show me as well where you encountered the Chinese patrols." We did, and after a long pause, the official said, "Gentlemen, whether you realize it or not, you've accomplished what you set out to do. You have saved the Dalai Lama's life. We had intended following the route you came on from Bhutan. But if the Chinese are already there, then we shall move even further east

Tibet's Dalai Lama (l.), "the living Buddha," is greeted in Tezpur, India.

(continued on page 66)

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and try to reach the pass into Assam south of Tsona Dzong . . ."

The rest, of course, is history. The 23-year-old Dalai Lama, God-King of Tibet, made good his escape from Lhasa, reaching the village of Towang just across the border in India on April 5, 1959. We accompanied the caravan as far as the railhead of Balipara, Assam where we entrained for Rangpur to meet the rest of our group. Although we never were allowed to approach the Dalai Lama personally, we did catch a glimpse of him on that last day—a shy, bespectacled youth being carried aloft in a sedan chair through the cheering throngs. He caught sight of us, too, as we leaned from the window of our waiting train, and gravely, just for a second, he made a tentative motion with his hand and smiled.

"You know, old boy," drawled Winton through a cloud of pipe smoke. "When it's all said and done, I think it was eminently worthwhile — don't you?

Yes, I do. I'm just afraid, however, that climbing mountains will never have quite the excitement and thrill it did before all this . . .

THE END

The Red Spy with 100 Willing Wives

(continued from page 23)

body else's rules. I have to make my own."

"It is a shame. You are wasting a brilliant life."

"But I'm enjoying it," Sorge told him with a laugh. "You can't deny that."

Richard Sorge was then leading his private life far more thoroughly than Colonel van Glieber could know, and under rules of his own making.

For at that moment only two persons in China knew his actual role—that of head of his own espionage ring working directly with the all-powerful 4th Bureau of the Red Army General Staff, the supreme intelligence agency of the Soviet Army.

The man whom most of his friends and acquaintances thought of as wasting his brilliant mind in endless debaucheries, was born in Baku, in southern Russia, on October 4th, 1895, where his father, a German engineer, was supervising the work of a German oil firm.

His mother was Russian, and it was from her, as a child that Sorge first learned that language—despite the fact that his father insisted that only German be spoken in the house.

Richard was five when the family moved back to Berlin, where they lived in solid, upper-middle class comfort. At school he received the nickname of "the prime minister" because he was always in argument against rules and restrictions.

He was twelve when he seduced one of the young housemaids, and after that never got along well with his strict father.

When World War I broke out, he volunteered as a private, was wounded in the battles on the Western Front, and after a long hospitalization was discharged. In 1916 he re-enlisted and was wounded a second time, a leg wound that left him with a slight limp. In between times he studied at various universities. He was a brilliant student, but the regimentation of classrooms irked him. Nevertheless, in 1920 he received a degree of Doctor of Political Science at Hamburg.

But by then, in typical fashion, he was leading a second life. In 1918 he had joined the Independent Social Democratic Party while studying in Kiel. At the university he formed a

Richard Sorge

socialist student organization, then became training head for various groups. Next he started delivering secret lectures on Marxism to sailors and harbor and dock workers, working underground to touch off the famous mutiny of the sailors at Kiel that hastened the end of the war.

When he went to Hamburg, to continue his studies, he was training chief of the newly formed German Communist Party, as well as adviser to the Hamburg Communist newspaper.

Next he went to Aachen, to do propaganda work among the miners. Aachen was then an occupied area, and authorities threatened to turn him over to the Allied Military government. He returned to Berlin, where the Communist central committee offered him a post with the party guidance department. He turned this down, insisting he had rather work on his own.

He moved on to Frankfurt, where he was offered a post as assistant in the social science department at the University. He continued working underground with the Communist party, and when shortly the party was outlawed in Germany was able to handle all the secret liaison between the central committee in Berlin and the Frankfurt organization. With characteristic bravada, he used the university facilities to hide propaganda material.

In 1924, at the secret Communist convention held at Frankfurt am Main, Sorge was picked to protect delegates from the Soviet Communist Party who had entered the country illegally to represent the Comintern. He did this job well, but at the same time was open in his criticism of the party operation in Germany. He had no use for people who followed rules blindly, without thinking for themselves.

The Russian delegation was impressed—so much so that they requested him to come to the Comintern headquarters in Moscow to work that year for them. Again he refused to jump at their request. He had other matters of his own career to attend to. Perhaps later . . . Meantime he had another idea.

Four months later he received word that his counter proposal to set up an intelligence bureau for the Comintern had been approved. He left secretly for Moscow at the end of 1924.

At the same time his name was taken

(continued on page 68)

NERVOUS

My name is John Winters and "nerves" made my life miserable. **So if your suffering compares with mine,** be prepared to hear the happiest news in years—for men and women of all ages. Yes, I suffered off and on with the distress that often builds up from simple everyday nervousness—tensions, exaggerated fears and anxiety; sleepless nights; jitters, quivers, flutters; nervous headaches; digestive upset and loss of appetite.

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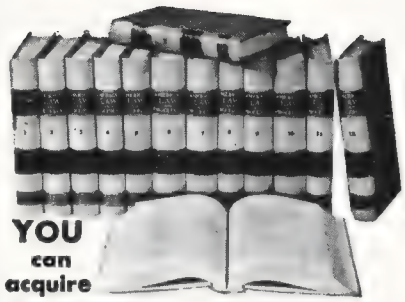

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from the roles of the German Communist Party and switched to the Soviet Communist Party.

As far as Germany was concerned, from that moment on Richard Sorge was no longer a Communist.

For the next four years he worked in various European and Scandinavian countries, collecting intelligence on economic, political and military problems. But at the same time he was required to check on the Communist party activities in each country.

Finally he rebelled.

"It makes no sense," he told his superiors in Moscow. "Intelligence and espionage agents should be kept apart from local parties. Otherwise there is no secrecy. Without absolute secrecy, our work is threatened."

The Comintern leaders weren't accustomed to being told their ideas were stupid. Nor did they want agents who insisted, as did Sorge, on complete independence. But while they were wondering just how to handle the rebellious Sorge, General Beldin, head of the powerful 4th Bureau of the Red Army General Staff got wind of the business and called Sorge in to a conference.

The end result of that meeting was that Sorge's name was removed from the role of the Soviet Communist Party. From that time on, he was officially known only to the 4th Bureau.

Sorge volunteered for work in China for two reasons. He had become interested in Far Eastern affairs, for one, and secondly the Soviet espionage system in China had recently been smashed by wholesale arrests and executions.

It was the type of challenge he liked.

He insisted, however, that he be allowed to provide his own cover and act in his own way. He wanted nothing to do with any Communists anywhere. All he required from the 4th Bureau was a competent radio operator for secret messages and arrangements for couriers to carry secret documents.

General Beldin agreed.

So, at the end of 1929, Richard Sorge arrived in Shanghai. He immediately made contact with the German consulate and other top German officials. He met Colonel van Glieber, chief of the military mission, who took a liking to him. He agreed, in return for aid that van Glieber could give him in smoothing the way to introductions to leading Chinese government officials, to turn over any information of value he might stumble across to van Glieber. Soon, without the German espionage chief realizing it, the reverse was true. He was supplying Sorge with information!

Sorge had left one wife behind him in Germany, and another in Russia. In Shanghai he installed a Chinese mistress in the apartment he took in the French Concession. Few people realize that among other duties, the major one of the mistress was to teach him Chinese—which within a year he had learned to near perfection. He drank heavily with the men he met and made love to the women. Some days, after a long debauch, he would shut himself up in his apartment for three or four days, playing one Wagnerian record after another at top volume on his phonograph. His friends thought he was drinking himself sober. In actuality he was concentrating on writing his penetrating, concise reports for the 4th Bureau.

No one suspected him as other than a man of brilliance, wasting his talents.

In three years, however, he became bored with the business. Moreover, he had become convinced that Japan held the key to the near future in Far Eastern affairs.

So he returned to Moscow, told his plans to General Beldin. He intended returning to Germany, joining the new Nazi Party, and then going out to Japan to set up an espionage ring.

On the face of it, as Beldin told him frankly, it was a foolhardy venture. He would be running too many risks. Japan wasn't China—there was no Shanghai there with an International Settlement. The Japanese were wary of all foreigners.

Sorge shrugged off the dangers.

Again he made the same conditions as he had for his China venture, except this time he wanted at least two contacts, non-Japanese, with no Communist records of any kind.

Finally Beldin agreed.

On September 6, 1933, Richard Sorge arrived in Tokyo, with a job as special correspondent for the Frankfurter Zeitung. He did first things first, in his usual manner. He found an apartment at 30 Nagasagamuchi, Azabu-ku. He installed a Japanese mistress.

Then he made himself known at the German Embassy and the German Club, where he was welcomed as a loyal Nazi.

To form an efficient espionage ring was a routine matter now for Sorge. But he wanted to have the same inside contacts in Japan as he had had in

(continued on page 70)

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China, where Colonel van Glieber had so obligingly—and unknowingly—done half his work for him.

At a reception at the German Embassy, he met a Colonel Eugen Ott, then an assistant military attache, a man with no great personality or talent. But Ott's wife was another matter. She was young, attractive, amiable. Soon Sorge was cultivating the couple, paying particular attention to Ott's career. Ott had no great ability in making out reports, one of his major duties, so Sorge lent a helping hand. At the same time, he further substituted for Ott in the bedroom when Ott was away on military trips.

Soon, as a direct result of Sorge's aid and advice, Ott was promoted to military attache. And quite naturally, in helping Ott, Sorge had full access to all his information.

Finally, with the recall of von Dirksen, Eugen Ott was made ambassador. As an intimate—in every sense—of the house, Sorge had full run of all sources of information. The crowning touch was when, shortly before the outbreak of the European War, Ott appointed Sorge press attache of the embassy and put him on the German payroll!

With an office in the German Embassy, Sorge was now in a perfect position for learning everything about Japan that was known to its close ally, Germany. His advice was even asked in the forming of the Axis Pact, and it was only because of Hitler's objections that he was not actually present at the official signing in Tokyo.

Meantime, however, Sorge's Japanese espionage ring was becoming too bulky. Mistakes were being made by underlings and minor agents, some of whom were now suspected by the Japanese.

Moreover, the years of drinking and debauchery were catching up with Sorge. His nerves were becoming frayed, and he now drank more heavily than ever. Shortly after the entrance of Russia into the war, his condition became so bad that Ott tried desperately to send him back to Berlin—the last place on earth Sorge wanted to be!

But he had no escape elsewhere. To leave Japan would be to destroy the work of nearly a decade. With the war on, there was no way back to Russia, without openly betraying himself and his workers.

He had done his work so well that he had enclosed himself in a trap of his own making.

Now all he could do was drink more heavily and await the outcome that his logic told him was inevitable.

It came about in October, 1941, when one of the lesser members of the ring, a Japanese woman, was arrested. She talked, pointing to one higher up, and the chain reaction started.

On October 18th, to the consternation of the German Embassy, where Ott insisted that a horrible mistake was being made, Richard Sorge was arrested.

Along with one of his top men, Ozaki Hozumi, he was tried and sentenced to death.

Supposedly he was hung on November 7, 1944, after all appeals failed.

But no one ever saw his body afterwards. A rumor has persisted that the Japanese traded him off to Russia in return for Russia's remaining out of the war against Japan until the very last moment.

With a man like Richard Sorge, who made his own rules as he went along, that could easily be.

THE END

"My Rap Is Treason . . ." (continued from page 21)

on deck and dump it over the side.

Rasten came back to the stern. "Let's head back for New Jersey," he said.

I nodded, wiping slimy perspiration from my palms by rubbing them against my trousers legs.

"The bastard had all the dough with him," Clyde said. "He had it in a money belt. We'll get a healthy bonus for this job . . ."

The killing was the third—and last—one in which I was involved. It took place in mid-March, 1957, about 95 miles off the eastern tip of Long Island. By the standards of the people for whom I was then working, it was a fully justifiable "rub-out."

Wilmot Anthony was a Montreal racketeer who'd fled to the States after cheating the Canadian racket syndicate out of nearly $450,000. He'd contacted "The Outfit," the organization that specialized in getting lamsters of all kinds out of the country safely and secretly for a price.

The poor bastard didn't realize that the Syndicate had a long arm—that "The Outfit" didn't take on any "contract" unless it was "cleared" by big shots of the same international crime-cartel that he'd tried to rook.

Clyde Rasten—who was contact man for the deal—accepted Anthony's 30 Grand "fee" for getting him out of the Western Hemisphere and then checked with the Syndicate. Clyde got his orders—fast. Instead of making a rendezvous with the ship that was supposed to take him to Tangiers, Rasten, Lazzi and I—God help me—took Anthony on a one-way ride.

We had no trouble getting back to New Jersey after dumping the body. As far as anyone was concerned, we were just three well-to-do small-boat enthusiasts returning from a fishing trip.

Who was to say otherwise? Uncle Sam has Immigration and Customs cops, the Coast Guard, Army, Navy and Marines. Immigration and Customs check people and merchandise coming in or going out—but only at such places as commercial air and seaports and certain border stations. They can't—and don't—examine private boats that go on off-shore cruises. Nor does the Coast Guard.

The same holds true for private planes, especially those which take off from private fields, fly off the coast and return to private fields. Military radar sets may pick such aircraft up on their screens, but that's about all. They're not checked or investigated in any way.

That was the loophole gimmick that got the whole operation started a few years after World War II ended. As I heard the story after I went to work for "The Outfit"—the only name by which anyone ever referred to the organization—it was dreamed up by a pair of Syndicate lawyers.

It seems that the legal eagles made a lot of money and one of them bought a private amphibian, the other a small yacht. They made several pleasure flights and cruises far offshore and discovered that they could come and go as they pleased. They thought it over and came up with a fool-proof angle for "smuggling" lamsters out of the country and put the proposition to the top guys.

"We buy a couple of planes and a few boats, hire some people to run them," they told the bosses. "The planes are amphibians—they can land at sea when the water's calm. Both planes and boats can rendezvous with speedboats or ships run by people we've got on the payroll . . ."

Sure. The Syndicate bought the idea on the spot. Why not?

That was in 1948. By the time I got

(continued on page 72)

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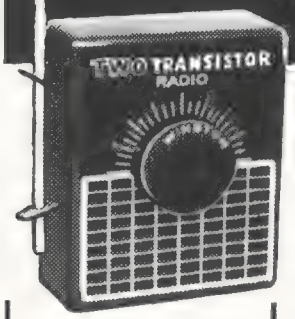
ONLY $6.98 COMPLETE WITH BATTERIES



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Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

myself into the jam that made me ripe for a racket-job, the organization had been in business for nearly five years.

I was in the Navy—a Reserve Lieutenant Jaygee on active duty with a soft touch. I was a navigator on an R4D Skymaster transport plane that was used to ferry brasshats around on inspection tours and junkets.

In May, 1953, we flew a batch of Admirals and civilian wheels down to the Panama Canal Zone. We laid over at Albrook Field for more than a week waiting for the brass to get through with whatever the hell they were doing.

There wasn't much for the crew to do but gamble, get drunk and whore around. I managed to do all three—with a vengeance.

I had a run of bad luck and lost all my dough—plus about $800 more that I borrowed. When some joker I'd met in a Panama City cat-house offered me a thousand bucks – in advance – for sneaking a package back to the States for him, I jumped at the chance. I didn't ask any questions—except to find out where I was to deliver the parcel.

To make a long and nasty story short, Naval Intelligence agents nabbed me when we landed in Florida on the return trip. Yeah. They found the package—though I'll be damned if I can figure out how they knew about it. They had me cold—with a five-pound can of pure heroin!

Maybe the Navy didn't want a scandal and maybe the Intelligence double-domes didn't have all the evidence they needed to make a conviction stick. Anyhow, instead of going to Leavenworth, I got a General Courtmartial. I was fined every dime I had coming in pay and allowances and booted out of the service with a Dishonorable Discharge.

I couldn't get a job after that—not with a DD. In sheer desperation, I went to the address where I was supposed to have delivered the package—for some reason, I'd never told it to the Navy investigators. They guys at the address seemed pretty impressed that I'd kept my mouth shut. One thing led to another and the next thing I knew, they made me an offer.

"We got friends who can use a guy who knows a little about boats and planes," they told me. "They'll pay you as high as $2.000 a month—and fix you up with a front job so nobody bothers you."

"What do I have to do, drop an A-Bomb on Washington?" I asked.

"You just do what you're told—without asking questions . . ."

By November, 1953, I was set up as the "Third Vice-President" of a juke-box distributing firm in New Jersey. At least, that's what I was for the record—and no pun intended. Actually, I was working for "The Outfit." It was all very legit—on the surface. With my salary as an executive, I could logically own and operate a cabin-cruiser and pal around with people rich enough to have their own twin-engined amphibian airplanes they used for pleasure jaunts.

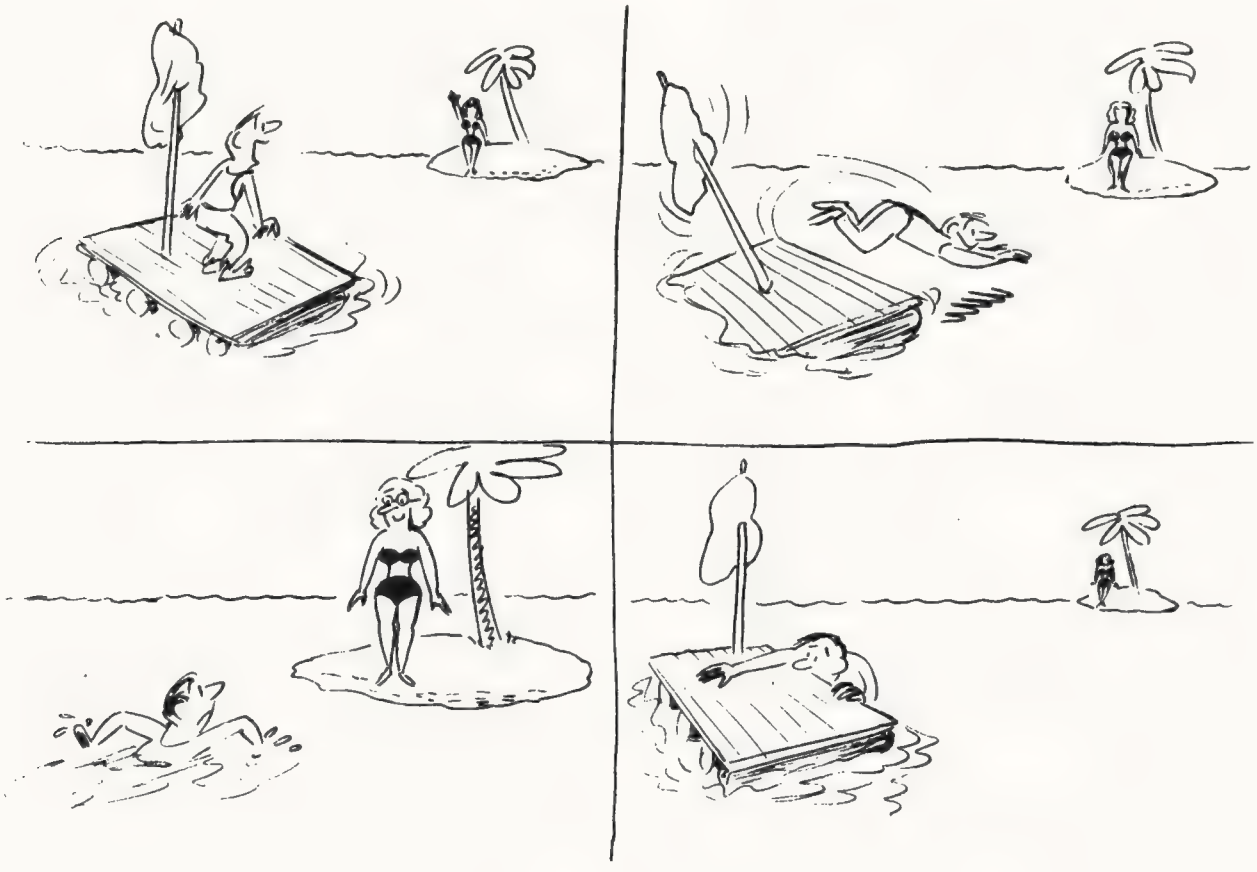
"My" boat was moored at a private dock not far from Cape May, New Jersey. My "friends'" planes were kept at private airfields in Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

The work itself was a cinch. By 1953, the organization was operating like clockwork. The whole thing was run with precision and efficiency that would have done credit to any big and legitimate corporation.

A character who had to get out of the country fast and in secret—and who had enough money to pay what it cost—had no difficulty getting in touch with us. The Underworld grapevine put him in contact with "The Outfit" quickly.

A meeting would be arranged. The lamster would tell his story and hand over a cash deposit to the contact man. If the top boys said he was okay to

(continued on page 74)



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COMPARE... FOR POTENCY, PURITY & PRICE!

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Choline Bitartrate	35 Mgm.	Phosphorus	50 Mgm.
Inositol	15 Mgm.	Rutin	5 Mgm.
dl-Methionine	10 Mgm.	Vitamin B_{12}	2 Mcg.
Glutamic Acid	5 Mgm.	Iron	3 Mgm.
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Vitamin A	12,500 USP units	Potassium	5 Mgm.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Fluorine	50 Mcg.
Vitamin C	75 Mgm.	Copper	100 Mcg.
Vitamin B_1	10 Mgm.	Molybdenum	100 Mcg.
Vitamin B_2	5 Mgm.	Zinc	100 Mcg.
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Niacinamide	40 Mgm.	Biotin	5 Mcg.
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		Wheat Germ Oil	5 Mgm.
		Magnesium	3 Mgm.
		Manganese	0.1 Mgm.

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How would you like to awaken one morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Pep and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel increased vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life?" Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 40

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French Authority writes of women over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable Energy and Sex Factors.

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands"... Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to treat with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

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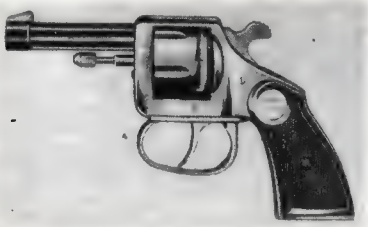

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"ship," we'd start the ball rolling.

Much depended on where the fugitive wanted to go—and why. Cuba, the Dominican Republic, most of Central and some of South America were easy—and comparatively cheap. Most of the time, two or three of us would simply take the lamster on a "fishing trip" or pleasure cruise—100 miles or so off the coast. By prearrangement, we'd meet another boat—one out of Florida—and transfer our passenger. We'd return to New Jersey, and he'd be on his way south.

Ocassionally, we'd use one of the amphibs—especially when a "client" wanted to get to Europe or Asia. Then the rendezvous would be with one of the several tramp steamers and fishing trawlers with which the Syndicate had "arrangements."

I was pretty small potatoes in the operation. There were many other guys doing the same sort of contact and arranging work that I did. I was never able to learn exactly how many men were involved in the ring stateside, but there must have been at least 200, of whom I knew only ten or fifteen at the most.

The people I handled during my first 18 months in the racket were all ordinary criminals—embezzlers, swindlers, income-tax dodgers, racketeers under indictment or dodging Grand Juries or Congressional committees. It wasn't until the summer of 1955 that I got involved in my first political "contract."

I knew there was something unusual about the deal when Clyde Rasten—who was my immediate boss—told me to meet him in a Philadelphia hotel. When I got there he took me over to Camden in his car. He talked on the way.

"You realize you're in pretty deep with us, Lew," he began. "You know that, don't you?"

"Sure," I shrugged. "I'm no kid. I know what I'm doing."

"What about your politics?" Rasten asked suddenly.

"Politics? I don't have any," I replied. "Unless buying off a ward-heeler or a precinct captain here and there is politics . . ."

Clyde smiled coldly. Then he got down to business. It seemed that word had gotten around about our operation to various foreign embassies and agencies. They wanted to use our services.

"Any objections to handling work for them?" Rasten inquired.

"They got money?" He nodded. "Then I've got no objections," I said.

In Camden we met two characters who said they worked for Trujillo, the vest-pocket Hitler who runs the Dominican "Republic." They'd just knocked some anti-Trujillo refugee off in New York and wanted to get back home as fast and as quietly as possible.

"Will you handle it?" Clyde Rasten demanded, watching me closely.

"Sure. Why not?" Dominican politics were none of my affair. Besides, I had a pretty good idea of what happened to anyone who said "no" to the organization. One of the amphib pilots had balked on a job a few months before. The papers wrote a nice story about how the "New Jersey sportsman" had been killed in a "freak automobile accident."

"When can we leave?" one of the assassins asked.

"In three days—as soon as we set up a rendezvous."

I went back to New Jersey. I sent the usual coded telegram to Miami. The answer came the next morning. Rasten brought the Dominicans down in the afternoon. They lay low until the following Thursday. Clyde and I brought them aboard the cruiser that evening—all decked out in yachting clothes. The fuel tanks were full and we cast off and headed out to sea, fishing rods and tackle stacked in the stern for the usual camouflage in case was passed any other boats in the morning.

Our two passengers were lousy sailors and spent most of their time being seasick. We were damned glad when we met up with the boat from Florida off Cape Hatteras and got rid of them. It was an easy transfer. The ocean was like glass and we went right alongside the other cabin cruiser. The Dominicans just stepped from one deck to the other—and that was that.

We began getting a lot of "political" contracts after that. Most of the early ones involved Latin types—excitable characters who worked for one or another of the Central American strongmen and dictators. We hauled a couple of Juan Peron's bully-boys and some of Batista's hatchetmen who'd been doing a little terrorizing among Cuban refugees living in the U.S.

Then the organization branched out. We got more and more amphibian jobs, flying grim-faced, taciturn men about whom I was told nothing to ocean rendezvous with freighters. My first hint as to what was really going on came in April, 1956.

"Get the boat set for a trip Saturday," Rasten told me.

"Who'll make the pickup?" I asked.

"That's all set—don't worry about a thing."

He brought three men down to the dock. They didn't talk, but went right into the cabin. Rasten was tight-lipped, too. He refused to give me any information beyond telling me what course to take.

It was the longest trip I'd taken until then—more than 250 miles out to sea. We circled around in the ocean for

(continued on page 76)

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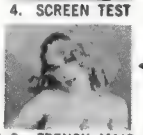
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hours the next night without making any contact and cruised back and forth throughout the day.

"What the hell am I supposed to be looking for? I asked Rasten.

"You'll know—later," he grunted.

Night fell. Clyde told me to start circling again. I did—until midnight. Then, suddenly, I saw it. It came right up out of the water—dark, sleek, deadly.

"My God!" I exclaimed. "A sub!"

"Yeah. A sub," Rasten said. "Now cut the engine and wait for a boat to come alongside."

A hatch opened on the submarine's deck. A rubber boat was lowered over the side. Two men climbed into it and paddled toward us. Our three passengers came out of the cabin. Each of them shook Rasten's hand. then mine. grunted something—and they all got into the boat which started back for the sub immediately.

"Russians?" I asked Rasten, feeling sick and afraid.

"Yeah, Russians. Let's get going."

Until that time, I had been a crook, a criminal engaged in a racket. Now I was a traitor—at the very least an accomplice and accessory of traitors. It made me feel rotten, loathing myself and what I'd done.

I suppose Rasten guessed how I felt. When we returned, he set me up for a week-long party with a couple of high-class call girls and all the booze I could drink—and I drank a lot. It didn't help much.

We made three more "treason runs" in the following month. Then we rendezvoused with a sub off the Virginia capes and picked up two men and brought them into New Jersey.

Spies? Sure they were spies. What else could they be?

In October, Rasten and a burly individual was was introduced to me as Mike Lazzi picked me up at my apartment.

"We've got a special job tonight," Clyde announced. "A different kind of job. Mike and I will bring someone aboard after midnight. You're to wait on the boat ready to take off as soon as we arrive. Understand?"

I was waiting. They showed up with a slender, blonde man who was drunk —so drunk that Rasten and Mike had to carry him aboard.

"Shove off!" Rasten snarled. "Straight out to sea..."

We were 60 miles from shore when I heard the shots in the cabin. Clyde and Lazzi dragged the blonde guy's corpse up from the cabin and heaved it over the side.

"We can go home now," Clyde rasped.

The dead man had been doing the same kind of job as I did. He'd balked about sneaking Red agents in and out of the country and the Syndicate bosses

ordered that he be paid off—permanently.

Rasten and Lazzi brought the second victim aboard two weeks later. The killing was done the same way—and for much the same reasons. For the next few months, I handled routine lamster jobs and sneaked out eight and brought in six Red agents. They were all spies and secret couriers.

The strain was knocking my nerves to pieces. I was hitting the bottle more and more. Rasten warned me about boozing too much.

"You'll get drunk and open your mouth some day—and you know what'll happen," he threatened. "You'll get the deep six like all the others . . ."

In March, 1957, Wilmot Anthony came along. He was a collector for the racket organization in Montreal. He'd been holding out here and there until he had about $450,000 socked away in cash. He bundled up the dough and got across the border somehow and contacted "The Outfit."

Rasten handled the contract. By that time, the Syndicate had an alarm out for Anthony. The poor slob had dreams of going to Tangiers and living like a king for the rest of his life. Instead of that, he got the last trip of his life. We took him out to sea and Mike Lazzi finished him off with two slugs from his .38.

I told Rasten I wanted a couple weeks' vacation after that.

"Okay," he agreed, "but watch the booze."

I went down to Maryland. Yeah, I drank my way down and I stayed drunk while I was there. I kept my mouth shut, though. Then, after about a week. I got tangled up with a redheaded broad I met in a nightclub. She was a good-looking dame with a terrific figure but nuts. She liked to hit the bottle as much as I did.

We got boozed up one night. She wanted to go to Washington. I got my car out—the Caddy convertible I'd bought the year before. The redhead decided she wanted to drive and I let her.

We'd just crossed into the District of Columbia on U.S. 40, doing about 75. She didn't see the car pulling out from the shoulder in time—and we hit it broadside.

I came to in the hospital—and learned that the redhead was dead, the driver of the other car in critical condition. Luckily, I thought, I had the Caddy plastered with insurance.

But all hell broke loose. The accident had occurred inside Washington, D.C., proper. That made the investigation a matter for the District police—who, after all, are Federal cops. They started to check and found out about my dishonorably discharge from the Navy.

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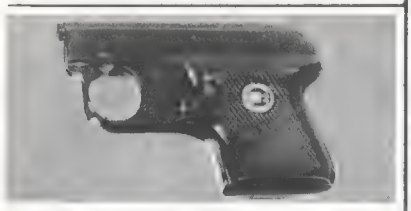

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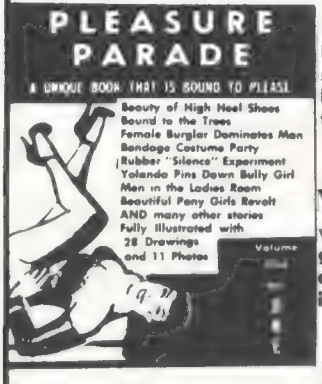
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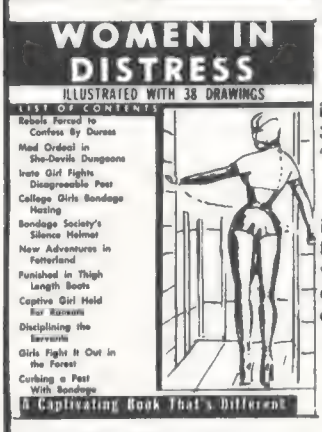
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"Have you filed your income-tax returns?"

These are just samples—some of the interrogations were much rougher, but none of them touched on the real racket. I suppose no one even suspected "The Outfit" existed. Even so, there was a big risk that they'd find something.

I kept my yap shut. When I got out of the hospital, I got in touch with Rasten. He knew all about what had been going on.

I felt safe as far as the organization was concerned. The Syndicate bosses wouldn't risk knocking me off as long as the heat was on. I was too well known by then to the authorities.

"The top guys says you'd better get out of the country," Rasten told me. He wanted to know how much money I had. I told him. I'd managed to save about $25,000. I had the dough in various banks under different names.

"We'll see that you get another fifty thousand," Clyde said, "and fix you up with a foreign passport. We'll get you to Europe if you keep quiet . . ."

I had no choice. I drew out my own money and collected the bonus from the ring. Rasten gave me the names and addresses of some oldtime racket bosses who were living in Italy, along with a Portuguese passport.

"Some of them are still active—and can steer you onto a good thing if you want to work," he said.

On June 14, 1957, Rasten took me to Delaware. There we got aboard a cabin cruiser very much like the one I'd operated for nearly four years. We left that night and on the following night rendezvoused with a boat that came up from Florida.

I transferred over. The boat took me to Cuba. There I waited for two days until the ship Rasten had arranged my passage on put in at Havana. It was a freighter, owned by a Syndicate subsidiary. It took me to Naples.

Since 1958, I've been living in Trieste—if you can call it living. I can't go back to the States. If I do, I run the risk of being indicted for treason—or of being given the same one-way boat ride that Wilmot Anthony got.

I can stay here—in Trieste—as long as my money holds out. Liquor is cheap

and if I drink enough of it I don't have the nightmares—and I'm not afraid.

What happens when the dough is gone? I don't know. I honest to God don't know . . .

THE END

The Murdering Mutineers

(continued from page 17)

occasions after looting and plundering merchant ships along the Cuban coasts. He soon earned an infamous reputation for cruelty by slaughtering his captive crews in cold blood and torturing and mutilating their officers by castration.

In the spring of 1819, Gibbs decided to leave Havana, to give up his pirating ventures and return to New York City. He brought with him some $30,000 in gold coin—all that remained from his numerous piracies. Within a few weeks he had squandered the larger portion of his ill gotten funds by dissipation, gambling and as a constant patron of the brothels. Finally, nearly broke, he left for Boston where he took passage in the British frigate *Emerald* for Liverpool.

During the years that immediately followed, Gibbs, it appears, was not as successful as he had formerly been in his calling of piracy in the Caribbean and West Indies waters; he seemed to have lost his grip, and, for several more years, he knocked about from port to port in some sort of shady escapade or another, flinging away whatever gold or other coin he had harvested after each venture.

However, in the fall of 1830, we again find Charles Gibbs back in the United States—this time on the wharves in New Orleans. He had just signed-on the little brig *Vineyard*, which was loading a cargo of molasses, cotton and other products of the South. A treasure consignment also had been placed on board the craft, in silver specie amounting to $54,000. This had been stowed in Captain William Thornby's cabin, in a strong-box.

The brig set sail for New York on the evening of November 1, 1830. Her complement were: Captain William Thornby, William Roberts, mate; Charles Gibbs, John Brownrigg, Robert Dawes, Henry Atwell, James Talbot, A. Church and Thomas J. Wansley, as the crew—the latter named, a Negro, who served as cook to the brig.

Five days out of New Orleans, Wansley, the Negro—who had served several passages on the *Vineyard*—made it known to his shipmates that the craft carried a small treasure-consignment in silver specie, stored away in the master's cabin. This news immediately

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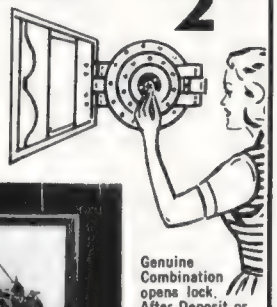

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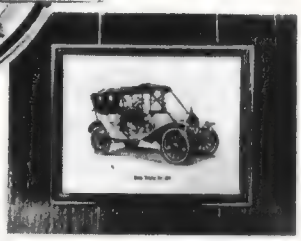

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excited the crew's cupidity, and induced them to discuss ways and means of pirating the funds for themselves. Many conferences were held in the crew's quarters during the period their plans of mutiny were being perfected. However, during each of these discussions, Robert Dawes, a youth of seventeen, was usually sent aft to the master's quarters to engage either the Captain or his mate in conversation, and thereby diverting their attention from the meetings taking place below deck.

Finally a decision was made, and plans were completed for action. The mutineers had agreed to murder both the master and the mate!

The murder of the two ship's officers was to take place on the evening of the twenty-third. The job of dispatching the captain was assigned to Charles Gibbs and the Negro cook, Wansley; that of the mate's murder, to Atwell and Church. The others had their duties assigned when the proper time appeared, all planned out by Charles Gibbs, who had assumed the lead in the mutiny.

The *Vineyard* at this point in her passage, was off Cape Hatteras, close to shore and making good headway.

Captain Thornby was standing on the quarterdeck, while Dawes had the helm and Brownrigg was aloft. Suddenly Dawes called Wansley aft to trim the light in the binnacle. The huge seaman moved as if to obey, but coming up behind Captain Thornby, struck him on the back of the neck with a pump-brake so stunningly that he fell forward, faintly crying, *"Murder!"* Further blows were repeated until the unfortunate master was dead. Then, quickly, with the assistance of his copartner in the brutal murder, Gibbs, threw the body overboard.

At the very same time this action was being carried out, the mate, William Roberts aroused by the noise and disturbance above him, hurriedly climbed into his clothes and up the companion-ladder from the cabin on the underdock. As he neared the top of the ladder, Atwell and Church were awaiting him in silence. One of them struck him down with a club. It was a terrific blow, however, it did not immediately kill him.

Now, Gibbs, having dispatched the master, hurried forward to complete the work of murdering the mate. However, not being able to locate him in the dark of the cabin, he returned for the binnacle light. With the light in his hand he came upon Atwell and Church, fighting desperately to overcome the stunned mate, who had regained somewhat his senses. With the added assistance of Gibbs, the two others beat and mauled the mate over the deck until he was unconscious,

after which he was, like the Captain, thrown overboard. However, even then, the mate was not yet dead, for he swam after the big for some four or five minutes, frantically calling for help—until finally he slowly passed beneath the surface waters.

The mutineers, lead by Gibbs, then took possession of the brig.

The cook, Wansley, assigned by Gibbs to mopping up the blood that had been spilled on the deck planking, became panic-stricken in his afterthoughts. He began to mutter aloud, intermingling his gibbering with oaths. He swore that the stains of blood of a murdered ship-mate could never be effaced and would eventually bring dire peril and ill luck to the *Vineyard* and the members of the crew. However, none paid any attention to his predictions, or either his gibberings.

The crew, after considerable drinking, searched the brig for the hidden treasure consignment. They soon located three small casks in which the silver specie was tied in leathern sacks. This they distributed in equal parts to all on board; Brownrigg and Talbot, who had heretofore taken no active part in the mutiny, being assured that if they would keep the secret of the murderers and share the plunder, they would be spared from a like fate as that of both the master and mate.

The brig was now steered in a northeasterly course, toward Long Island, till within fifteen miles of Southhampton Light. At this point Gibbs and his crew decided to abandon the brig, take the silver specie and bury it on the shore somewhere until at a later date they could, in safety, return to reclaim it.

The wind was now blowing hard. The *Vineyard* was quickly scuttled. Atwell and Church and Talbot got into the jollyboat; Gibbs, Wansley, Dawes and Brownrigg put off in the longboat—they made directly for shore.

The jollyboat swamped on a sandbar two miles offshore, and all were drowned; the silver which was their share of the loot going down with them. The longboat, however, was at the time in great danger, too, but was saved from a like fate by throwing several bags of the heavy specie overboard. The longboat soon made the shore and landed on Pelican Island. There the remaining bags of silver specie were collected from each and were quickly buried.

Then, not knowing just where they were, they came across a hunter who informed them of their location, and too, of their nearest farm house. Accordingly, they crossed to Great Barron Island where they finally came to the house of one Albert Johnson—a farmer and the only resident on the island. Johnson furnished them with

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food and shelter for the night.

During the early hours of the evening John Brownrigg secretly informed the farmer of the murders, but evidently Johnson had already been bought off by the others, and later in the day he took them to the house of another farmer named Sam Leonard, where they procured a wagon to carry them further on their route into New York City. After they had hitched the horse to the wagon and were about to climb into the newly acquired vehicle, Brownrigg balked. He shouted aloud for all to hear, that they might go where they pleased, but that he would not accompany them further—*for they were all murderers!* Hearing this accusation, Sam Leonard quickly sent for a magistrate. When the official arrived with his aide, Leonard related the charge which Brownrigg had made. Gibbs and Dawes were quickly caught and taken into custody; Wansley escaped into the nearby woods, but was later captured by the magistrate's deputy.

The three were then taken to the town and examined by the local authorities, Magistrates Elias Hubbard and John Terhune. They, in turn, summoned United States Marshal Thomas Morris, who took the prisoners to Bellvue Prison. There, Gibbs, Wansley and Dawes accepted quietly their fate with a grim stoicism like that which precedes despair.

The breathless anticipation with which all of New York City had awaited the trial of the two prisoners was emphatically demonstrated on the morning of March 7, 1831, when the case came up in the United States Court. Bustling with activity, the street about the Courthouse resembled the approach of a circus, and several hours before the court-room doors were opened to the public, prospective spectators had arrived from all parts of the State.

Judge Betts mounted the bench, his expression firmly set. The twelve jurors seated themselves within the jury-box, and gave evidence of being ill at ease.

Then, formally approaching the bench, James A. Hamilton, prosecuting attorney—and one of New York's most outstanding attorneys of that period—began his address to the jury: "May it it please the Court—gentlemen of the jury—," he turned and bowed to the twelve men in the jury-box, "in presenting this matter of the People against the two defendants, Charles Gibbs and Thomas I. Wansley, I am not going to attempt to arouse your emotions by *pretending* that this case is the most vicious or harrowing example of human brutality and piracy I have experienced during my career. The evidence shows in itself that such *is* the case . . .

After making his opening speech, and pausing at times to note what effect his personal indictment of the two murderers had upon both the Judge and jury, Hamilton continued: "Before I start calling witnesses to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that both Charles Gibbs and Thomas I. Wansley did murder in cold blood the two offivers of the brig *Vineyard*, I would like to first call to the stand one Robert Dawes, a mere lad of seventeen years."

The prosecutor turned quickly and went to his table. He picked up some papers from a pile he had taken from his package his aide had brought into the chamber. Every eye in the room followed his every move.

"Robert Dawes to the stand!" shouted the Clerk of the Court.

Dawes, sitting in the outer row of the Court-room, rose, and without a glance toward his former ship-mates, entered the enclosure through the gate to the witness stand.

"Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" quoted the Clerk of the Court.

"I do," answer Dawes without a quiver or glance aside.

Then the prosecuting attorney, Hamilton, approached the witness, and asked his name and age, together with other details of his background. Dawes established his identity and confirmed his relationship with the defendants.

"Will you tell the Court just what took place on board the brig *Vineyard* from the time of sailing out of New Orleans up to the period of your arrest?"

"Yes, sir," said Dawes.

A tense silence gripped the Court-room as the youthful Dawes rose in the witness-stand to address the Court. Then, in a measured tone, his attention alternating between Judge and jury, he told a story—*a story which shocked the whole of New York City!*

"When about five days out of New Orleans," he began, "I was told that there was money on board the brig, Charles Gibbs, Church and the steward (Wansley) then determined to take possession of the brig. They asked James Talbot, another member of the crew, to join them. He said no, as he did not believe there was money on the vessel. They concluded to kill the captain and mate, and if Talbot and John Brownrigg would not join them, to kill them also. The next night they talked of doing it, and got their clubs ready. I dared not say a word, as they declared they would kill me if I did. As they did not agree about killing Talbot and Brownrigg, their two shipmates, it was put off . . .

"They next concluded to kill the captain and mate on the night of November twenty-second, but did not get ready; but on the night of the twenty-

third, between twelve and one-o'clock, when I was at the helm, the steward (Wansley) came up with a light and a knife in his hand. He dropped the light and knife and seizing the pump-brake, struck the captain with it over the head and back of the neck. The captain was sent forward by the blow and hallooed, *'Oh'* and *'Murder,'* once . . .

"He (the Captain) was then seized by Gibbs and the cook (Wansley), one by the head and the other by the heels, and thrown overboard. Atwell and Church stood at the companionway, to strike down the mate when he should come up. As he came up and inquired what was the matter, they struck him over the head. He ran back into the cabin, and Charles Gibbs followed him down, but it was dark and he could not find him. Gibbs then came on deck for the light with which to see what was going on in the cabin. Gibbs found the mate and seized him, while Atwell and Church came down and struck him with a pump-brake and club . . .

"The mate was then dragged upon the deck. They called for me to help them and as I came up, the mate seized my hand and gave me a death-grip. Three of them hove him overboard, but which three I do not know. The mate was not dead when cast overboard, but called after us twice while in the water. I was so frightened that I hardly knew what to do. Then they asked me to call Talbot, who was in the forecastle saying his prayers. He came up and said it would be his turn next, but they gave him some grog and told him not to be afraid, as they would not hurt him. If he was true to them, he should fare as well as they did. One of those who had been engaged in the bloody deed got drunk and another became crazy . . .

"Then, after killing the captain and mate, they set about overhauling the brig, and got up one keg of Mexican dollars. Then they divided the captain's clothes and money, about forty dollars and his gold watch. Talbot, Brownrigg and I, who were all innocent men, were obliged to do as we were commanded. I was sent to the helm and ordered to steer for Long Island . . .

"On the day following, they divided several kegs of the specie, amounting to five thousand dollars each, and made new bags and sewed the money up. After this division, they divided the rest of the money without counting it . . .

"On Sunday, when about fifteen miles S.S.E. of Southampton Light, they got the boats out and put the money in each, and then they scuttled the brig and set fire to it in the cabin, and took off in boats. Gibbs, after the murder, took charge of the vessel, as captain. From the papers on board the *Vineyard*, we learned that the money belonged to Stephen Girard. With the boats we made the land about daylight. I was in the long-boat with the three others. The rest with Atwell were in the jollyboat. On coming to the bar the boats stuck in the sand, and we threw overboard a great deal of money in bags, in all about five thousand dollars. The jollyboat foundered. We saw it fill and heard them cry out, and saw them clinging to the masts . . .

"We then went ashore on Barron Island, and buried the rest of the money in the sand, but very lightly. Soon after, we met a hunter, whom we requested to conduct us where we could get some refreshments. We were conducted to Albert Johnson's place where we stayed all night. I went to bed about ten o'clock. John Brownrigg sat up with Johnson all night, and told me that he had told Johnson all about the murders. In the morning Johnson went with the steward (Wansley) for the clothes, which were left near the place where we buried the money."

The rest of the evidence, submitted through witnesses by the prosecutor, was a mere resume of the incidents which took place on board the *Vineyard*. There was nothing more needed!

"Guilty!"

Charles Gibbs, now standing, was calm; but Wansley became greatly agitated, and trembled visibly when he heard the result of the jury polling.

Judge Betts than passed sentence on each of the prisoners, that "Each shall be taken from the place where they are to be confined, and to the place of execution, where they shall be hanged by the neck till dead. The Marshal of the Southern District of the State of New York is charged to see that this sentence is carried into execution on the twenty-second day of April, of this year, 1831, between the hours of ten and four o'clock—"

In the case of Robert Dawes, the seventeen year old youth who had turned State's evidence, the judge sentenced him to serve a short period in jail only.

It was noon, Friday, April twenty-second, 1831, when both Charles Gibbs and Thomas I. Wansley, accompanied by the United States Marshal, arrived at the execution site and the gallows. They were accompanied by two additional deputies and twenty-one United States Marines. There were two clergymen already in waiting. The Marshal, Thomas Morris, read the warrant publicly for the execution of the two prisoners, which was a legal requirement at that period.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of the droning of the clergymen, and without any notice whatever, the Deputy Marshall cut the small cord which

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restrained the hidden spring—and the whole platform fell without even the creaking of a hinge!

The Negro, Wansley, struggled once after his descent; but Gibbs did not die so easily, for he struggled most and longest—approximately three minutes.

Then, after being suspended about thirty minutes, as was the law at the time, the two bodies were cut down. They were later turned over to the surgeons of the old medical school in Barclay Street, for dissection and study. The body of Wansley was found to be that of a perfect specimen of anatomy; that of Charles Gibbs was discovered to be most abnormally constructed—in fact, for many years the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, noted justice of his time, used Gibbs' private organs as a paperweight on his desk, as a medical rarity.

Thus, the murder trial of two of the greatest murder crimes in the early eighteenth century came to its end, and the two who committed the atrocious deed paid their debt to society; James D. Jeffers, alias Charles Gibbs, and the brig's steward, Thomas I. Wansley.

Yet the final ending of the two prisoners did not close the story of the *Vineyard*, for the sinking of the treasure in Long Island Sound, though small in comparison to others resting on the bottom of these waters, still remains to this day somewhere beneath the waves buried deep in the shifting sands just two miles S.S.E. offshore southeast of Southampton Light. And, the other half, buried in the sands on Great Barron Island—the exact spot to this day still unknown—without question, still rests intact within its earthly grave. This treasure of the *Vineyard*, once the property of the famed Philadelphia philanthropist, Stephen Girard, is however of much interest from the historical point and is fully documented; with more interest to the thousands of aqua-lungers who reside along the shores of Long Island, and who dream of uncovering the cache so close to their own areas.

THE END

Marriage to a Nymphomaniac (continued from page 13)

he decided to leave early and go home. He let himself into their apartment, and walked through the house until he found Marie. She was in the bedroom, undressed and in bed with a man Bill recognized as one of the elevator operators.

Bill was paralyzed, speechless. The man bolted out of the bedroom, half dressed. Marie's expression was completely blank and unemotional. Bill finally managed to blurt out, "How long has this been going on?"

His wife made a casual hand gesture and shrugged her shoulders. She seemed only slightly affected by the incident and appeared innocent and pathetic.

Bill, in contrast, was terribly shocked. He sank down in a chair and covered his face with his hands. Suddenly, in retrospect, he began thinking of the first night of their marriage. Although he had not experienced the difficulties in intercourse that everyone joked about and which he expected, he had previously denied the truth to himself that his wife had not been a virgin. Nevertheless, she registered so little shame or guilt in the present situation that he could not be angry with her. Instead, a feeling of tenderness welled up in him. The anger he felt for her turned into shame and guilt in himself. It may be difficult to understand how a person can carry the shame and guilt for another's misdeed, but the analyst knows that instead of punishing the guilty one, such a person carries the guilt himself, enduring the punishment as a "martyr complex."

Bill's influenza ran its course. Ostensibly, it left him with the extreme weakness that customarily follows a virus infection. Marie was in constant attendance at his bedside. She had no understanding of why he was so deeply depressed, nor did his doctor suspect it. Bill lay in bed, gazing at the walls, long after he should have been up. He couldn't talk about the scene he had witnessed, even to Marie, and yet the image filled his mind as vivdly as if he were reliving it.

This reaction was a new experience to Marie. Previously, on being discovered in delinquency, she had been punished and preached at. She waited for the same sort of expression from her husband, but he chose to make no reference at all to what had occurred. When he was finally able to function again and to resume his normal life, he made love to Marie as if nothing had happened. The subject was avoided.

A few weeks later, something impelled Bill to go home from his office in the middle of the day. He unlocked the door to his apartment, carefully tiptoed to the bedroom, and opened the door. He found what he had feared. Marie was in bed with the handyman of the building. This time Bill was not paralyzed since he had anticipated what would happen and was ready for it. Again, his wife had the same ambiguous expression on her face, and she

shrugged the whole thing off as if to say, "so what?"

Bill made a move to hit the man, but stopped himself and bellowed at him to get out of his home before he killed him. Alone with Marie, he turned to her.

"Have you no conscience?" he asked. "Why are you doing this to me?"

She answered unemotionally, "What am I doing to you? I didn't do anything to you."

"Don't you love me?" he asked.

She didn't answer. He asked, "Do you love this man? What about the elevator operator—were you in love with him?"

"That's a silly remark. I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

Bill now had to face reality—the fact that his wife could not belong to anybody. He realized that her relationship with him was really no different from her relations with other men.

"How long have you been this way?" he asked finally. "Were you this way with men before we were married?"

"Yes," she answered frankly.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask me," she said simply.

"Why didn't somebody tell me?" he cried wildly.

She merely shrugged, as if to say, "Don't ask me."

He then told her that she must be "sick," and that he did not think it was her fault. He could only blame himself. Did she have any feeling for him? he asked. Yes, she said, she did—the same as she would have for a relative. She was his wife, and she wanted to take care of him and have him take care of her.

But when it came to sexual temptation, and a man made advances to her, she could not do anything but accede to his wishes. She admitted that she anticipated these advances and even encouraged them. She knew it didn't happen to other women, and she wished it wouldn't happen to her.

"Don't you feel shame and guilt?"

"No," she said.

"Don't you feel disloyal to me?"

"No," she answered.

In the end he did not doubt her sincerity and honesty. When he suggested that she visit a psychiatrist, she agreed. They came to my office together, and he related the entire story in her presence. A tremendous weight seemed to be lifted from his mind. Her reaction was mild; perhaps "flat" would be a better word. Marie, I said, was suffering from a mental illness. The results of any treatment were questionable, and a cure could not be promised. The outcome would depend upon Marie's reactions to the analysis and the adjustments Bill could make to the situation.

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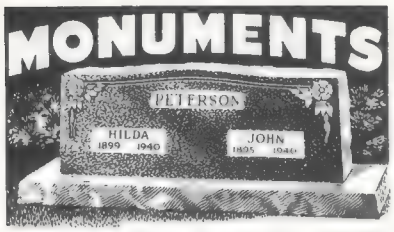

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With Marie's permission, I spoke privately with Bill, promising him no quick cure. I informed him I had no intention of forbidding Marie from expressing her sex impulses and that he should not be surprised if he caught her at it again. Tendency and habit could not be overcome magically. Attitudes change gradually and become decisive only after prolonged practice. If he could be forbearing and accept her aberrations without moral judgments or punitive attitudes, if he had it within himself to be sympathetic and understanding, and if he could understand that her loose sexual behavior was the symptom of a sickness, then he would not only be doing a humane deed but also would earn the respect for himself that comes from helping someone overcome a serious illness. Again I warned him that his altruistic, high-minded undertaking might end in failure. He said he realized this and would take his chances.

Marie came in for her first session the next day. Mildly uncertain about her course of behavior, her vague expression seemed to say that her thoughts were far away. If they were to move in my direction, her anticipations with me would be the same as with all other men. We came to an understanding at the outset. In the analytical relationship everything goes, I said, but the activity must be confined to the mental level. Did she understand that?

She asked me to explain what I meant. Painstakingly I explained that the relationship that would take place between her and myself would be one of growing intimacy. I would understand her, and she would gradually understand me, but there would not be a physical interchange as there had been in her first contacts with other men. While physical interchange would give her an immediate relief of the tension which would develop in our relationship, it would be beneficial for her to know a man and be close and intimate with him mentally, without any physical contact.

It gradually occurred to Marie that this might be a new and interesting experience. After a few sessions, she agreed to lie down on the couch and begin to relive the earlier experiences that spelled out the reasons for her becoming a nymphomaniac.

She was the second-born daughter of a serious mismating. Her father was a commercial artist, five years younger than his wife. He was very talented, but his success in his profession was due to the shrewd business ability of Marie's mother. "Daddy" was a sensitive, impulsive, quick-tempered man who never established a regular, normal rhythm of living. He did his creating on the inspiration of the moment. Knowing that this was how he could turn out his best work, Marie's mother arranged her husband's irregular working hours.

Aside from his artistic endeavors, his sole interest was his daughter Marie. The family would frequently joke about how "Daddy" said to his wife, "Janet (the older daughter) is yours, but Marie is mine." From the moment of her birth her father adored, worshipped, and unceasingly caressed his little Marie. There was laughter and fun about the apportionment of the girls between the parents, but the arrangement was rigidly maintained. The devotions "Daddy" gave to his Marie were acted out as if only he had this special privilege and only he was allowed to love her, while his wife reserved the special privilege of loving Janet. It was clear to the four people in this family that the father and mother did not love each other.

Marie loved her "Daddy" in return. He was always on her side, always gave her everything she wanted, never said no, and couldn't bear anybody depriving her of anything. Most of the quarrels in the home took place between her father, mother and Janet. They always concerned Marie. Her father charged that she was being taken advantage of, annoyed unnecessarily, or put upon.

Just as "Daddy" was not expected to express his artistry save on impulse, nothing was expected of Marie as far as responsibilities were concerned. She had the privilege of satisfying her every impulse with "Daddy's" sanction.

At the age of fourteen, Marie attended her first party. The usual necking went on in different corners of a darkened room. Marie found herself in a bedroom with a boy to whom she offered no resistance when he made advances. They had genital sexual intercourse as unrestrainedly as if they were married. Quite by accident, she had come upon a new pleasure. To her it was a delightful discovery. From that time on, the idea and the wish for that pleasure never ceased to exist. With normal people there is a period of satiety when satisfaction is obtained. This feeling never overtook Marie. She experienced some momentary appeasement, but never complete satisfaction.

The influences in Marie's life did not provide for the development of values and discriminating judgments in the matter of physical intimacy. There was a failure in separating or particularizing the sexual function. It became an activity for her that was no different from other physiological functions, such as eating, speaking, walking, or shaking hands. Marie (and there are many women like her) did not experience sexual satisfaction with the post-coitus response that normally follows. She

had to keep seeking for a once-known relaxation and peace that she never found. Her primary drive was so powerful yet so unappeased that she bypassed the lines of differentiation beteen men. One was no different from another. Anyone would do. The sexual act per se extinguished all other considerations and values.

Marie's troubles with her family began soon after her first experience at the party. She brought home boys and young men whom the family had never seen before. Her ready intimacies with all these "pick-ups" gave them the license to treat her home with a casual familiarity that baffled her parents. Her mother's protests led to bickering and quarrels. These followed the old line-up of Marie and her father against the mother and sister, causing tensions and scenes that kept the house in constant turmoil.

Events came to a dramatic climax one day when her mother came into Marie's room and found her in bed with a strange man. Aghast at this sight, she started screaming, awakening Daddy, who was sleeping in his studio. He came rushing in. Without realizing what he was doing, he automatically sided with Marie and ordered his wife out of the room. For the first time Marie's mother took a stand against her husband. He was "crazy" and there was nothing to do but call the police. This threat brought her husband to his senses, but even then all he did was appeal apologetically to Marie to get the stranger out of the house. The man, only slightly perturbed by the scene, dressed and left.

Marie's mother continued raging and storming. She attempted to strike Marie, but her husband interfered. She exhorted him to give Marie a beating, but he couldn't raise a finger to his daughter. The distracted mother, weeping hysterically, threatened to put her in a reform school if she ever caught her doing such a thing again.

The excitement over, Daddy gave Marie a long lecture. She paid little heed to him and finally walked out of the room as if nothing had happened. The next day while her mother was out shopping and her father was taking his nap, Marie brought another stranger into the house, a casual passer-by whom she had picked up. Her mother returned and caught her in the same act as the day before. But this time the mother's reaction was not as violent. She got the man out of the house without waking her husband. Marie interpreted this modification of her mother's anger as permission. Her mother's tears and entreaties left Marie as unmoved as the outraged anger of the previous day.

These promiscuities continued day after day, with delivery boys, grocery clerks, taxi drivers — any man with whom she came into contact. The family realized they were caught up in a social catastrophe. The most they could do was to try to conceal their shame from their friends and neighbors. Fear of exposure kept them from taking Marie to a doctor or to an institution. "Daddy's" professional reputation might suffer.

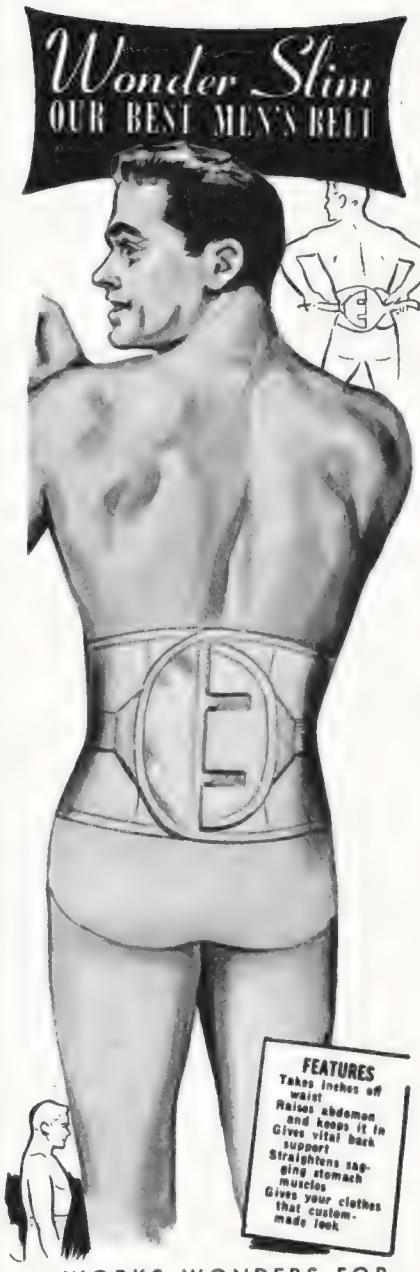
After ten years of enduring these horrors—with frequent moves to new neighborhoods because of shame and embarrassment—Bill came as a godsend to the family. Thus, the marriage was consummated as quickly as possible.

The analyst works with knowledge and tools ordinarily not available to the layman or general medical practitioner. He knows that although there is in cases like Marie's an insufficiency of the regulators of shame and guilt, all human beings are affected by their deep-seated roots. Those roots can, by careful and proper association and influence, be cultivated and made more active and affective. Marie showed a certain amount of conscience, which is actually the storehouse of the emotional regulators, in her willingness to cooperate in the psychoanalytic undertaking. Her relationship with her husband had activated these forces even before he had brought her to me for treatment.

Fortunately, Bill was not dominated by righteousness nor overwhelmed by morality. He was altruistic and sympathetic. He had learned at college and in the service about the condition that plagued his wife, and so he did not condemn her completely, as did her mother and sister. This partial understanding and sympathy on the part of her husband made it easier for me as analyst to help Marie.

On the couch she saw that my reaction to her was also sympathetic and understanding. She found it easy to discuss her problem with me. But with me, unlike her father and her husband, she was coming in contact with one quality for the first time in her life. That quality was discipline. It was an influence directed towards keeping her from spending herself in physical discharge. At first, she sensed it only slightly as a painful frustration of her basic impulsiveness.

When she walked in for sessions, it was obvious by her glances, gestures, and body pantomime that she was inviting me just as she invited all men. These expressions are primitive, of course, and are recognized easily by the men who search for such invitations. I made it clear to her, however, that I would not respond to them. The analysis gradually showed her that she too had the power to contain these impulses, and that they did not have to be discharged physically.



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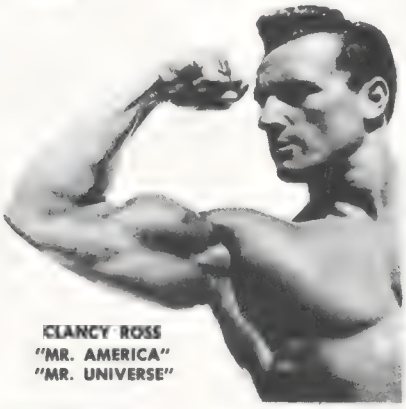

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In the usual relationship between analyst and analysand, the tight controls that stifle instinctual impulses are gradually freed for expression through confidential, sympathetic association. Eventually they appear in the relationship between the two and have to be dealt with. In Marie's case, however, the reverse had to take place. Unlike her relationship with her father, whom I as her analyst replaced in her unconscious, her association with me had to be characterized by containment and control of impulse. Marie was not forbidden to participate in nor made to feel guilty or ashamed of her continuing promiscuous sexual activity. We discussed it in much the same way as one would discuss other natural functions. An amount of objectivity developed, and ultimately she was able to identify with me and begin to examine and to judge her own sexual activity in the light of new standards and values.

An infant controls itself because of the fear of loss of love. For instance, when the father or mother places a contingency on love, withholding it when the infant fails to develop controls of the bowels or urinary stream, the infant tries to regain the parents' love by doing what is expected of him. If he wets when he is not supposed to, the child is ashamed. In her early life, Marie's father loved her unrestrainedly. He didn't demand that she restrain herself. Neither did he help her to develop inhibitions.

In analysis, she came to realize that there was an insufficiency of parental discipline in her life (her mother's influence had been set aside) and that this led to her psychosocial sickness. When she learned to need and value the warmth, understanding, and approval of her analyst, always with a contingency placed on these devotions, she realized that her form of easy release and discharge was an underdevelopment that could be compared with the infant's failure to control its bowel movements.

With these continuing observations there was a progressive development of the special part of her conscious ego that had to do with the feelings of shame, guilt, and loathing that automatically inhibit in the normal individual promiscuous and uncensored acting-out of sexual impulses. When sufficient pride in being selective and fastidious was developed, Marie could see the difference sexually between her husband and other men. As she grew socially conscious, she understood and respected the right of a husband to demand that his wife confine her sexual activity exclusively to himself, and vice versa.

After a long and arduous analysis, her once diffused sexual love became channelled and directed towards her husband. For the first time, Marie needed only one man—her husband—to love exclusively.

Admittedly this was a phenomenal change in her personality. Probably it could have occurred only through psychoanalysis. What would her fate have been without this scientific procedure? Naturally, it is difficult to predict personality development. But given the shadowy promises of cure—magical, unrealistic, and untrue panaceas—that are so abundant in our contemporary society, Marie probably would have gone through a succession of marriages, divorces, and emotional misery until the fires within her burned themselves out.

THE END

The Prevention of Conception

(continued from page 56)

develop even more completely acceptible methods—methods that will be simple and inexpensive enough to meet the needs of the great masses of peoples the world over, that will preferably provide long-term protection, and that will meet all aesthetic requirements.

The contraceptive methods available today may be divided into those used by the husband and those used by the wife.

MALE METHODS

The male methods of contraception depend upon the prevention of the entrance of the man's seminal fluid into the genital tract of the woman. For this purpose the husband can resort either to coitus interruptus, generally known as withdrawal or "taking care," or he can use a rubber sheath called a condom.

Coitus Interruptus refers to the withdrawal of the male organ just prior to the ejaculation, so that the seminal fluid is deposited outside of the genital canal. This practice is referred to in the Bible in connection with the story of Onan, whose duty it was to marry the widow of his older brother, who had died childless, and to beget offsprings with her so as "to raise up seed" to his brother. Onan, however, did not want to raise children in his brother's name and so, the story continues, it "came to pass whenever he went in unto his brother's wife that he used to spill it on the ground." In

other words, he resorted to withdrawal.

From the medical point of view this method is neither reliable nor desirable. It frequently fails to prevent conception as a result of inadequate control or of carelessness on the part of the husband, or because the precoital secretion sometimes contains spermatozoa; and the constant anxiety lest the withdrawal be delayed too long interferes with the spontaniety of the sex relation. Continuous resort to this method may lead to emotional and possibly also to organic disturbances in both partners.

The Condom is the other method that the man can employ for contraceptive purposes. It is designed to be applied to the male organ just before the sex relation and to prevent any of the seminal fluid from being deposited in the female genital tract. Devised some 400 years ago by an Italian physician to be used as a preventive against infection, it later began to be employed extensively as a method for the prevention of conception. The advantages of the condom are that it is harmless, reliable, and easily procurable. Its dependability is lessened to some degree by the possibility of breakage during use, as well as by the occasional slipping off after use and the spilling of the contents into the vagina. These mishaps can be obviated by testing for defects before use, by adequate lubrication, and by holding onto the sheath before removal of the organ. The condom can also be inspected after use, and if a tear is discovered a vaginal douche can be taken for additional protection.

Breakage of the condom has, furthermore, become less frequent in recent years since the Federal Food and Drug Administration has classified condoms as "drugs" and placed them under its control. The Administration has been confiscating and destroying sheaths sent in interstate commerce found to be defective or not up to the desirable standards. This has led to considerable improvement in the product, as well as to testing of the sheaths by the manufacturers prior to distribution.

The chief drawback to the use of the condom is the likelihood of its interference with the normal sexual response. It dulls sensation and if applied, as it often is, at the height of sexual excitation it interrupts the spontaneity of the sexual act. For these reasons many men as well as women object to its use. Furthermore, when the husband's potency is inadequate, the use of the sheath adds to the difficulty.

Aside from the fact that neither coitus interruptus nor the condom is entirely satisfactory, there is an additional objection to male methods; they make the woman dependent upon the man for contraceptive protection. Should he be indifferent, or careless, or in an irresponsible condition, he may subject her to the hazard of an unwanted conception. Contraceptive methods which can be used by the woman are therefore preferred.

FEMALE METHODS

If the husband does not use any protection and deposits the seminal fluid in the vagina conception may still be avoided if measures are used to prevent the entry of spermatozoa into the uterus. The methods available for this purpose may be divided into three groups: chemical, mechanical, and biological.

Chemical Methods. A number of chemical methods have been developed for contraceptive use—douches, suppositories, jellies, creams, foam tablets, and powders. All depend in part on their chemical properties, to paralyze or destroy the spermatozoa, and in part on their mechanical action, to wash out the seminal fluid or to provide a barrier to the entrance of the sperm cells into the uterus.

Douches. The vaginal douche, taken after intercourse, is perhaps the most popular female method for the prevention of conception. This method was first described and advocated by an American physician, Dr. Charles Knowlton, in a book on conception control published more than a century ago under the quaint title of *The Fruits of Philosophy.* "My method," wrote Dr. Knowlton, "operates in a two-fold manner, either of which may perhaps be effectual. It consists in syringing the vagina soon after the male emission into it, with some liquid, which will not merely dislodge nearly all the semen . . . but which will destroy the fecundating property of any portion of semen that will remain."

This method, therefore, depends for its effectiveness upon the mechanical removal of the seminal fluid and upon the destruction of the remaining sperm cells by the chemical ingredients in the solution. A variety of chemicals have been suggested for this purpose, and many manufacturing concerns have widely exploited their particular products for use in so-called "feminine hygiene."

While the vaginal douche may be useful for medical purposes when indicated, it is neither a reliable nor a satisfactory contraceptive method. It often fails no matter what type of solution is used. This is probably due to the fact that the spermatozoa may enter into the uterus directly after the ejaculation and thus pass beyond the reach of the douche. The need, furthermore, for arising immediately after intercourse is psychologically disturbing to

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many women, for the sexual relation should be followed by a period of relaxation and rest. The chief value of the douche, then, is for use either as an auxiliary to other contraceptive methods or as an emergency method when indicated.

Chemical methods, to be effective, should be applied prior to, rather than after, the sex act. A variety of products have been made available for this purpose. Those most frequently used are suppositories, jellies, and creams.

Suppositories have been popular largely because they are simple to use, are easily procurable, and do not require a medical prescription. Usually suppositories consist of a small solid cone or capsule containing some sperm-destroying chemical ingredient in a base of cocoa butter, gelatine, or other readily soluble substance. They are designed to be inserted into the vaginal canal a few minutes before intercourse and are supposed to melt at slightly below body temperature. When melted, the gelatinous or greasy base lodges near the opening into the uterus, acting as a physical barrier to the entrance of spermatozoa, while the chemical ingredients either paralyze or destroy the sperm cells. Thus they act on both mechanical and chemical principles.

None of the suppositories available at present, however, has proven to be sufficiently reliable. Sometimes they fail to melt rapidly enough, or they may be so placed that the entrance to the uterus remains exposed. A reliable, non-greasy suppository would provide a practical and simple method against conception. Future research may help to develop a contraceptive of this kind.

Jellies and Creams. A more adequate chemical contraceptive is provided by the jelly or cream, which consists of a semi-fluid, gelatinous, creamy or soapy base into which certain sperm-destroying chemicals are incorporated. Jellies and creams are introduced into the vagina by means of a special applicator and, like the suppository, their effect depends both on their mechanical and chemical properties—they block the opening into the uterus and at the same time immobolize the sperm cells. As the jellies and creams are already in a semi-liquid state, they do not have to melt in the vagina like the suppository and are therefore more apt to spread easily into the vaginal folds and cover the entrance into the womb.

The use of a jelly or cream alone as a contraceptive measure has several advantages. Its application is simple, it is readily available and its use does not require a preliminary individual examination. The disadvantages are the aesthetic drawbacks of overlubrication and leakage, and the fact that no jelly or cream available today is completely reliable. This may be due largely to the failure of the jelly to form an effective mechanical barrier, and in part also to its failure to immobolize all the spermatozoa in time.

Foam Tablets. Small vaginal tablets are also employed for contraceptive purposes. The tablet is inserted into the vagina shortly before intercourse and is supposed to dissolve in the presence of the normal vaginal moisture. The interaction of the chemical ingredients of the tablet produces a fairly copious foam, and the effectiveness of the tablet is supposed to depend partly on the physical action of the foam which enmeshes the spermatozoa and partly on the spermicidal properties of the ingredients. Tablets have the advantage of simplicity of use, but their reliability has not yet been sufficiently established.

There is, then, no chemical contraceptive available at present which meets the requirements of sufficient reliability and acceptability. Perhaps with further research new formulas may be developed which will make chemical contraceptives more certain and more acceptable.

Mechanical Methods. Mechanical methods generally consist of devices which are introduced into the vagina, such as diaphragms and caps, and which are designed to cover the entrance into the uterus. To a greater degree than any of the other methods mentioned they meet the requirements of harmlessness, reliability, and acceptability. They have no injurious effect, they provide more certain protection, and they interfere little with sensation or with the spontaneity of the sex relations.

Diaphragms, also called pessaries, are designed to lie diagonally across the vaginal canal. They are made of soft rubber with a flexible metal spring around the circumference and come in a variety of sizes and shapes. *Caps* are generally cup-shaped and are intended to be placed directly over the cervix, or neck of the uterus. They are made either of soft rubber or of firm materials such as metal or plastic.

The required size and type of diaphragm or cap can be determined only after an individual examination by a physician trained in this field of medical practice. As a rule they are used in conjunction with a contraceptive jelly which serves both as a lubricant and as an additional safeguard. The diaphragm may be inserted either before retiring or before the sexual relation and removed the following morning or immediately after use if preferred. Usually it is advisable to douche before and after the removal of the diaphragm, but if it has remained in place for eight hours after use a douche is not essential. The firm cervical caps

are sometimes left in place for many days at a time and thus provide more prolonged protection.

The objections to the use of the diaphragm or cap are the need for individualization and the need for preparation before each sex relation. Some women are reluctant to take the trouble to insert the diaphragm or to use any method which requires vaginal manipulation. Greater skill in prescription, more careful instructions, and simplification in technique have, however, made the method increasingly more acceptable.

In addition to the methods mentioned there are mechanical devices which are introduced by the physician into the uterus and allowed to remain there for several months at a time. These are called intra-uterine methods and are known as "stems," "buttons," and "rings." They are made either of metal, plastic, hard rubber, or soft rubber. Their chief advantage is the fact that they provide prolonged protection without the need of preparation for each sex relation. Their use, however, is not recommended because of the possibility of harmful effects. A number of serious complications have been reported following the insertion of these devices. They open an avenue by which infection may ascend from the vagina into the uterus and tubes.

Contraception and Sterility. The statement is sometimes made that the use of contraceptive precautions may eventually lead to sterility. This statement has no basis in actual experience. Planned Parenthood Centers provide the records of tens of thousands of women who have employed contraceptive measures for varying lengths of time, sometimes for many years, and who readily conceived when they discontinued preventive precautions and planned a pregnancy. There is no reason to suppose that the use of medically approved contraceptive measures will lead to a diminution in reproductive capacity.

However, since it is easier for a woman to conceive at younger ages, childbearing should not be postponed too long. Youth is the best ally of fertility.

Biological Methods. Future progress in contraception seems to lie in the field of biological methods. Some of these hold forth the promise of providing long-term protection combined with simplicity of use.

The "Safe Period." The simplest biological method is reliance on the so-called "safe period." While the man is always fecund and capable of impregnating the woman, the latter is fertile only during certain days of her menstrual month, at the time of ovulation; that is, at the time when the egg is released from the ovary. During other days she is presumably infertile. Conception can therefore be prevented by avoiding intercourse during the few fertile days.

According to present-day medical opinion, the human female produces only one egg cell during a menstrual cycle, usually about two weeks before the onset of the next menses. The egg cell retains its vitality for probably not more than twenty-four hours. As yet, however, we do not possess any sufficiently accurate method to establish with certainty the day of ovulation for the individual woman. For the present we depend upon studying the record of a woman's menstrual cycles over a period of about a year, as well as on a record of her daily temperature, taken immediately on awakening, over several months. The menstrual chart and temperature chart make it possible to estimate with a fair degree of accuracy the fertile and infertile days in women whose menstrual cycles are fairly regular.

A woman with a regular twenty-eight-day cycle ovulates presumably around the fourteenth day, counting from the first day of menstruation. Allowing two or three days for the life of the spermatozoa and two or three days for the life of the egg and possible variations, it is farily safe to assume that the fertile period extends from the eleventh to the nineteenth day. Before the eleventh day and from the eighteenth or nineteenth day onward she will no longer be capable of conception because there will be no egg present to be fertilized. If the cycles are irregular, then the sterile and fertile days will vary accordingly. In general, the last ten days of the month, the ten days prior to the onset of the next menstrual period, can be considered to be fairly safe from the likelihood of conception. It is assumed that the first nine days of the cycle are also sterile, but this is much less certain because we do not know with certainty how long the sperm cells of the male can remain alive within the genital tract of the woman.

The objections to the reliance on the safe period are, first, the fact that it limits sexual relations to only a part of the month; second, that unexpected physical and emotional changes may suddenly disturb the regularity of the cycle and thus invalidate the previous calculations.

Hormones. Considerable research is now under way to develop biological methods for the control of conception, which would prevent either egg or sperm formation, the union of sperm and egg, or the implantation of the fertilized egg in the uterus. Recent experiments have shown that such effects can be achieved by the use of hormones or other chemical substances. Thus far, however, practically all the

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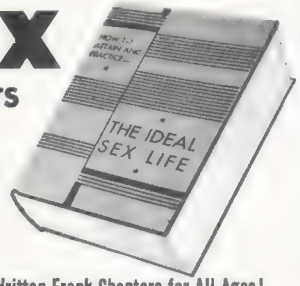

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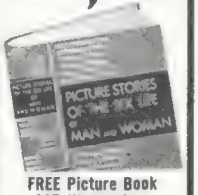

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research in this field has been carried out on animals and the value of biological contraceptives for human use still remains to be determined. The reproductive mechanism is a delicate apparatus, and great care must naturally be exercised not to disturb any of the normal physiological processes. Nevertheless, it is not at all unlikely that it may become possible to render a man or a woman infertile for a very definite length of time by an occasional hypodermic injection or even by the oral administration of a few tablets.

Sterilization. In conditions in which a pregnancy should never occur, permanent control of conception may be advised by the physician. When childbearing or childbirth, for example, may jeopardize the life of the mother because of serious involvement of vital organs, when delivery by Caesarean section occurs for the second or third time, or when serious incurable mental defects or other hereditary conditions are present, sterilization may be the method of choice.

Sterilization operations may be performed on the husband or the wife. Sterilization of the male is a comparatively simple procedure. A small incision is made in the skin of the scrotum above the testicle, and the duct, called the vas deferens, is tied off and cut. The incision is then closed with a single suture, and the same procedure is repeated on the other side. Complete recovery generally takes place within a few days.

In the woman, an abdominal incision is required. The Fallopian tubes which lead from the ovary to the uterus are lifted and tied on both sides. This implies hospitalization for a few days. Simplified surgical techniques are at present under investigation. Sterilization can also be accomplished by means of X-rays to the sex glands, but in women this produces artificial menopause and is indicated only in selected cases.

Sterilization does not involve the removal of any sex gland, nor does it affect sex desire or satisfaction. It is, however, a permanent and irreversible procedure. Fertility can rarely be restored to a man or woman who has been surgically sterilized.

In recent years considerable progress has been made in the investigation of contraceptive techniques and materials. The Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry and the Council on Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association have formulated minimum standards for contraceptive materials and now investigate products recommended for contraceptive purposes. The published reports of the Council investigations serve to provide the physician with a suitable guide in the prescription and choice of contraceptive products. Indirectly they also stimulate more intensive research in the entire field of human fertility and its control.

THE END

"I Nailed the Nazis From a Galloping Goose!"

(continued from page 39)

can get help. Do you think you can do it?"

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered, a cold finger of fear moving up my spine as I realized the full significance of his words for the first time. The deck guns. If the sub's crew reached them we were finished on the spot. A blimp is o.k. on attacking, but defensively helpless. My Browning automatic rifle was our only defensive weapon. Above our little, glass-enclosed cabin, which would simply disintegrate if hit by one shell from either of those 4.1-inch deck guns, hung a big fat bag full of 416,000 cubic feet of noninflammable helium which could take exactly fourteen bullet-holes and still somehow get us back to Lakehurst. But one more—the fifteenth—and we'd drop into the ocean like a deflated paper bag . . .

Now we came sweeping over the sub again, the rudder and elevator cables whining in the wind, the motors roaring and shaking. I saw another pattern of charges—our last—go dropping down on the long silver and black fish which was still half-submerged, its decks awash with foam. At the same instant I saw tiny figures leaping from the conning tower and splashing toward the forward gun. We were shaking too much for me to get off a shot, but the skipper knew his stuff. As the charges splashed into the water, straddling the sub in a beautifully accurate pattern, he banked us into the wind, idled the motors until they were hardly turning over and said into the intercom, "She's all yours, boy."

Bracing myself against the side of the bay, I leaned forward, sighting along the BAR's V-grooves at the submarine below. Suddenly she seemed very small and distant—although no more than a few hundred feet below us. There was another tremendous roar as the charges went off. The ocean rose on all sides of the sub like a huge white pillar, screening it momentarily from view.

As the ocean settled, I saw that most of the little figures had disappeared although one or two lay sprawled on

the deck and they also slid off into the churning whiteness as the sub rocked from side to side. But still she didn't sink. Her conning tower was badly smashed, her periscope impossibly twisted and I could see oil spreading across the water from her like green blood, but both deck guns looked damned workable from where I stood. To the sub's crew, too, I guess. I saw more figures climbing from the conning tower and rushing toward both guns.

I zeroed in on the group heading for the forward one and pulled the trigger. The BAR leaped in my arms like a thing alive. Every fifth bullet was a tracer and I saw them lacing into the struggling figures. They dropped to the deck. One of them twisted backwards into the sea. Another one tried to get up and I pressed the trigger again. Tak-tak-tak went the BAR and he fell back.

Now I swung toward the figures who'd headed for the rear gun, half expecting to hear a shell come hurtling at us, but they were milling around it in confusion. It must have been knocked out of commission. One figure was kneeling in front of it, cranking wildly. Taking careful aim, I pulled the trigger. The figure spun aside and rolled off the deck into the sea. The others ran for the conning tower. I swung the BAR toward them and was just about to squeeze the trigger when suddenly I heard a distant rattle—like a typewriter—and slugs came smashing into the glass bay on all sides of me. I twisted back, breathing hard. I hadn't expected that. Looking down, I saw a figure balancing what looked like a heavy machine gun on the edge of the conning tower. He was adjusting it now, probably aiming at the gas bag. He knew it wouldn't take much to bring us down. Flame stabbed from his weapon and I heard bullets whining past the glass bay.

"Nail that guy!" I heard the skipper shout. Bracing myself on the edge of the bay again, I sighted along the Vs and squeezed the trigger. The gun leaped in my arms as I pumped the shots off. The figure dropped out of sight—but the machine gun stayed. Jamming a new clip in, I sprayed it, knowing however that I couldn't do much damage from that distance.

Sparks, meanwhile, had been getting off frantic calls for help to all air and surface craft in the vicinity. "Don't worry, boy," came his voice over the intercom. "Just a few minutes and we can pull out. You're doing swell!"

Doing swell, I thought, as perspiration poured down my face—maybe, but one miss, one shot too slowly squeezed off or too high and a Navy blimp and its eight-man crew was finished. We were locked in a duel to the death, I thought—sub versus blimp. Neither one able to make a move. If we tried to run for it, it would be a cinch for them to blast us out of the sky. While they, on the other hand, were too badly crippled to dive for safety . . .

The figures who'd been at the rear gun had made it behind the conning tower. Now I saw one suddenly dash toward the forward gun. I whipped the BAR around and squeezed off a blast without even aiming. Too high. I saw the bullets churn up the water behind him. Now he was crouching behind the deck gun. One man had made it—supposing another did?

Cautiously I brought the sights back to a point about halfway between the conning tower and the deck gun. Anybody who was going to try and make it would have to run through a curtain of fire. Tightening my grip on the trigger, I waited. Suddenly slugs came crashing into the bay, showering me with glass. "Watch it!" a voice shouted over the intercom. Red hot pain slashed through my arm. The conning tower! I should have been watching it. One of the men had climbed up into it and was firing the machine gun. I squeezed the BAR's trigger and watched the tracers tear into it. The gun fell silent.

"Look out! The forward gun!" came the voice over the intercom. Faint from the burning pain in my arm, I swung the BAR around—just in time to see that two more of the sub's crew had made it and were hurriedly cranking the muzzle toward us. Blinking, I tried to clear the blur from my eyes and take aim. My arm felt numb and wet. I glanced down. Blood was pouring from a jagged wound just above the elbow. The sight made me angry. Sighting carefully, I squeezed the trigger. Tak-tak-tak spat out the BAR and tracers laced into the gun crew. Unprotected by a shield, they crumpled to the deck. Now, more of them came pouring from the conning tower. I swung the Browning back and peppered them with fire. Then there was no more ammo. I tried to reach for a new clip. The pain in my arm was too much. "Somebody give me a hand," I muttered into the intercom.

"It's o.k., boy! It's all over! Beautiful, Beautiful!" came a chorus of voices.

What were they talking about? I glanced out the bay. The sub's crew was still pouring out of the conning tower, but most of them were waving shirts and handkerchiefs — anything white. They were surrendering! Then I saw why. Two Navy Kingfishers were circling overhead and from the north I saw a destroyer approaching, black smoke pouring from her funnel. By God—we had actually captured a submarine!

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The skipper was delirious with joy. So was the rest of the crew—particularly my fellow cadet, Charley Rodgers. "Boy, you saved us all from a fate worse than death," he said, bandaging my arm wound. I was just about to go into the shucks, it was nothin' routine, but before I could, he went on, "Yes, sir, if we'd come back from one more practice run without sighting a sub I think I'd have transferred into the infantry. You sure saved my life."

"Thanks," I said dryly.

While we were still on our way back to Lakehurst, the Base Commander radioed us his congratulations. "As you men may know," he said, "certain military quarters consider the blimp a white elephant. But you men have amply shown what she is capable of. You are not only the first blimp to capture a sub, you're the first damn training blimp to even sight one. Congratulations."

The skipper came back to see how I felt. "Harbacher," he said, looking rather embarrassed, "I had you figured all wrong. That day with the bronze powder bomb kind of soured me. But today you proved yourself worthy of your own command. I'm going to see that you get it—as well as every decoration there is, including the Purple Heart."

"But, sir. It's only a glass cut."

"Never mind. You made me able to hold up my head again."

As we neared home, the skipper ordered. "Put the motors on full rich."

"Aye, aye, sir," came the answer from the engine room.

"And break out the colors."

Down on the field, the landing party moved forward to meet us, tossing their caps in the air. Even above the proud roar of the motors, I could hear the cheering—and that was the biggest thrill of all. It meant that the "Galloping Goose" had been judged and found not wanting by the toughest jury of them all.

THE END

The Rendezvous

(continued from page 45)

took a chair, and, sitting down, watched the hands of the clock.

Just then, the half hour struck, and her heart beat with pleasure when she heard the chimes. She had gained half an hour, then it would take her a quarter of an hour to reach the Rue de Miromesnil, and a few minutes more in strolling along—an hour! a whole hour saved from her rendezvous! She would not stay three-quarters of an hour and that business would be finished once more.

She disliked going there as a patient dislikes going to the dentist. She had an intolerable recollection of all their past meetings, one a week on an average, for the last two years; and the thought that another was to take place immediately made her shiver with misery from head to foot. Not that it was exactly painful, like a visit to the dentist, but it was wearisome, so wearisome, so complicated, so long, so unpleasant, that anything, even a visit to the dentist, would have seemed preferable to her.

She went on, however, but very slowly, stopping, sitting down, going hither and thither, but she went. Oh! how she would have liked to miss this meeting, but she had left the unhappy Viscount in the lurch, twice running, during the last month, and she did not dare to do it again so soon. Why did she go to see him? Oh! why? Because she had acquired the habit of doing it, and had no reason to give poor Martelet when he wanted to know *the why!* Why had she begun it? Why? She did not know herself, any longer. Had she been in love with him? Very possibly! Not very much, but a little, a long time ago! He was very nice, much sought after, perfectly dressed, most courteous, and after the first glance, he was a perfect lover for a fashionable woman.

He had courted her for three months—the normal period, an honorable strife and sufficient resistance—and then she had consented. What emotion. what nervousness, what terrible, delightful fear, attended that first meeing in his small, ground-floor bachelor rooms, in the Rue de Miromesnil. Her heart? What did her little heart of a woman who had been seduced, vanquished, conquered, feel when she for the first time entered the door of the house which was her nightmare? She really did not know! She had quite forgotten. One remembers a fact, a date, a thing, but one hardly remembers, after the lapse of two years, what an emotion, which soon vanished because it was very slight, was like. But she had certainly not forgotten the others, that rosary of meetings, that road to the cross of love and its stations, which were so monotonous, so fatiguing, so similar to each other, that she felt nauseated.

The very cabs were not like the other cabs which you use for ordinary purposes! Certainly, the cabmen guessed. She felt sure of it, by the very way they looked at her, and the eyes of these Paris cabmen are terrible! When you realize that these jehus constantly

identify in the Courts of Justice, after a lapse of several years, the faces of criminals whom they have only driven once, in the middle of the night, from some street or other to a railway station, and that they carry daily almost as many passengers as there are hours in the day, and that their memory is good enough for them to declare: "That is the man whom I took up in the Rue des Martyrs, and put down at the Lyons Railways Station, at 12 o'clock at night, on July 10, last year!" Is it not terrible to risk what a young woman risks when she is going to meet her lover, and has to trust her reputation to the first cabman she meets? In two years she had employed at least one hundred or more of them in that drive to the Rue de Miromesnil, reckoning only one a week. They were so many witnesses, who might appear against her at a critical moment.

As soon as she was in the cab, she took another veil, as thick and dark as a domino mask, out of her pocket, and put it on. That hid her face, but what about the rest, her dress, her bonnet, and her parasol? They might be remarked—they might, in fact, have been seen already. Oh! What misery she endured in this Rue de Miromesnil! She thought she recognized the foot-passengers, the servants, everybody, and almost before the cab had stopped, she jumped out and ran past the porter who was standing outside his lodge. He must know everything, everything! —her address, her name, her husband's profession,—everything, for those porters are the most cunning of policemen! For two years she had intended to bribe him, to give him (to throw at him one day as she passed him) a hundred franc banknote, but she had never dared to do it. She was frightened. What of? She did not know! Of his calling her back, if he did not understand? Of a scandal? Of a crowd on the stairs? Of being arrested, perhaps? To reach the Viscount's door, she had only to ascend a flight of stairs, but it seemed to her as high as the tower of Saint Jacques's Church.

As soon as she had reached the vestibule, she felt as if she were caught in a trap. The slightest noise before or behind her nearly made her faint. It was impossible for her to go back, because of that porter who barred her retreat; and if anyone came down at that moment she would not dare to ring at Martelet's door, but would pass it as if she had been going elsewhere! She would have gone up, and up, and up! She would have mounted forty flights of stairs! Then, when everything seemed quiet again down below, she would run down feeling terribly frightened, lest she should not recognize the apartment.

He would be there in a velvet coat lined with silk, very stylish, but rather ridiculous, and for two years he had never altered his manner of receiving her, not in a single movement! As soon as he had shut the door he used to say: "Let me kiss your hands, my dear, dear love!" Then he would follow her into the room, with closed shutters and lighted candles; out of refinement, no doubt, he would kneel down before her and look at her from head to foot with an air of adoration. On the first occasion that had been very nice and very successful; but now it seemed to her as if she saw Monsier Delaunay acting the last scene of a successful piece for the hundred and twentieth time. He might really change his manner of acting. But no, he never altered his manner of acting, poor fellow. What a good fellow he was, but so commonplace!

And how difficult it was to undress and dress without a lady's maid! Perhaps that was the moment when she began to take a dislike to him. When he said: "Do you want me to help you?" she could have killed him. Certainly there were not many men as awkward as he was, or as uninteresting. Certainly little Baron de Isombal would never have asked her in such a manner: "Do you want me to help you?" He would have helped her, he was so witty, so funny, so active. But there! He was a diplomatist, he had been about in the world, and had roamed everywhere, and, no doubt, had dressed and undressed women arrayed in every possible fashion!

The church clock struck the three-quarters. She looked at the dial, and said: "Oh, how anxious he will be!" and then she quickly left the square. But she had not taken a dozen steps outside, when she found herself face to face with a gentleman who bowed profoundly to her.

"Why! Is that you, Baron?" she said, in surprise. She had just been thinking of him.

"Yes, madame." And then, after asking how she was, he continued: "Do you know that you are the only one—you will allow me to say of my lady friends, I hope—who has not yet seen my Japanese collection?"

"But, my dear Baron, a lady cannot go to a bachelor's room like this."

"What do you mean? That is a great mistake, when it is a question of seeing a rare collection!"

"At any rate, she cannot go alone."

"And why not? I have received a number of ladies alone, only for the sake of seing my collection! They come every day. Shall I tell you their names? No—I will not do that, one must be discreet, even when one is not guilty. As a matter of fact, there is nothing improper in going to the house of a

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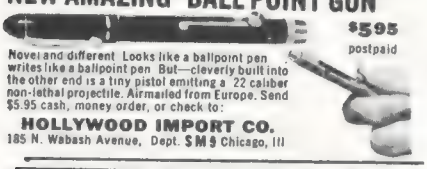

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well-known serious-minded man who holds a certain position, unless one goes for an improper reason!"

"Well, what you have said is certainly correct, at bottom."

"So you will come and see my collection?"

"When?"

"Well, now, immediately."

"Impossible, I am in a hurry."

"Nonsense, you have been sitting in the square for this last half hour."

"You were watching me?"

"I was looking at you."

"But I am sadly in a hurry."

"I am sure you are not. Confess that you are in no particular hurry."

Madame Haggan began to laugh, and said: "Well, no—not very."

A cab passed close by them, and the little Baron called out: "Cabman!" The vehicle stopped, and opening the door, he said: "Get in, madame."

"But, Baron! No, it is impossible today; I really cannot."

"Madame, you are acting very imprudently. Get in! People are beginning to look at us, and you will collect a crowd; they will think I am trying to carry you off, and we shall both be arrested; please get in!"

She got in, frightened and bewildered, and he sat down by her side, saying to the cabman: "Rue de Provence."

But suddenly she exclaimed: "Good heavens! I have forgotten a very important telegram; please drive to the nearest telegraph office first of all."

The cabbed stopped a little farther on, in the Rue de Châteaudun, and she said to the Baron: "Would you kindly get me a fifty-centimes telegraph form? I promised my husband to invite Martelet to dinner to-morrow, and had quite forgotten it."

When the Baron returned and gave her the blue telegraph form, she wrote in pencil:

"My dear friend, I am not at all well. I am suffering terribly from neuralgia, which keeps me in bed. Impossible to go out. Come and dine tomorrow night, so that I may obtain my pardon.

JEANNE."

She wetted the gum, fastened it carefully, and addressed it to "Viscount de Martelet, 240 Rue de Miromesnil," then, giving it back to the Baron, she said: "Now, will you be kind enough to throw this in the telegram box?"

THE END

The Tale of a Cocktail

(continued from page 19)

cheerier and bluffer she gets, the better. Don't be afraid of rough humor with this gal. And be masterful—within legal limits, of course.

This is the gal for your "etchings" routine. She requires a salesman's approach. Don't be afraid to sell yourself—but keep it on a firm, hard-sell level. No room for subtleties here. As for music—solid, jazzy rhythm. But make sure that there's a recognizable melody and a full tempered beat. Don't go intellectual on her. It's a waste of time—and even worse, can repel her. The rye girl wants a man of action, not of intellect.

Make all the decisions yourself. Don't ask her. Give her her drink, rather than putting forth with the polite request, "Whattlyahave?" Ten to one she doesn't even know she's rye prone. Given the wrong drink, this gal is likely to turn economic—asking about presents; or even look you up in Dun and Bradstreet. She also has a tendency to turn garrulous, especially on gin, which only directs her attention to the subject of business. The daily grind is the last thing you're interested in, right now.

Bourbon is made to order for the earthy type. If she longs for nature in the raw, if she yearns for the wide open spaces, if she likes hunting, fishing, horses, farming, gardening, hiking, or anything else that would normally take her out beyond the sumptuous settings of civilization, by all means feed her bourbon.

There's something in the bourbon tang that turns her into a barnyard animal at study. Maybe it's the solid, sunkist reminiscence of golden corn. Or perhaps it's that bluegrass odor of a Kentucky horse farm. But whatever it is, it makes her feel at one with nature.

Of course the best bet would be to make her on a picnic. "For there on beds of violets blue—and sweet-blown roses washed with dew" as Milton puts it—or even on a firm cuddly haystack. No matter, it's the drink that does it.

If you are restricted to an apartment, make it earthy. Horsy prints, country scenes should cover your walls. Books on the table should gush of the backwoods. Don't be afraid to talk gardening, racing, or anything else, so long as nature is part of it. She'll fall over herself about that.

Folk music is the diet for your hi-fi. Cut flowers to give the poetry to the atmosphere. Then, when the air is loaded with scent, sound and fury, start talking sex brother, and you don't even

have to be cute. Keep the bourbon flowing, and nature girl will take you by the hand, rather than the other way around. Played right, it's almost impossible to miss.

Madison Avenue may turn green to hear it, but gin, and all it's mixtures are definitely designed for the intellectual lady. It seems to be a natural stimulant to those with over-active brain cells.

Ladies made to order for—and by—gin, are those with a natural bent for mental gymnastics. They like to read, they attend ballet, operas and one-act plays. They adore the most modern, impossible forms of atonal, neo-classic and advanced jazz. They dote on wild clothing and exotic atmosphere. In short, they're half way between nuttiness and genius.

They may not know it. A girl, for example, may work behind the counter at the local drugstore, or as the third assistant operator of IBM's newest office calculating machine. It doesn't matter. In her own way, she considers herself "intellectual." And, what's more, she is.

It's also true that women of this classification seem to have hollow legs when it comes to alcohol. They drink like fishes, and without showing any visible effect. Nevertheless, the effect is there. There's no such thing as an alcohol proof human being.

And gin is the only beverage that turns their fancies toward love. It gives them a sense of belonging. It gives them an air of partnership. And they naturally long to participate—with you—in other, fonder experiences. After all, for a girl of this type, experience is everything. They have to "live" in order to express themselves.

Your apartment should be carefully untidied. Your music, modern of course. Books should be everywhere, the latest obscure literary classics mixed pell-mell with volumes of poetry. Conversation pieces of bric-a-brac and painting should be on your walls.

And of course, most important of all, several full cocktail shakers of gin based drinks should be mixed ahead of time. Keep her glass full. Don't worry about how much she takes. This girl is constitutionally incapable of passing out on gin.

Don't place your suit on a romantic love. Participate with her, have a need for her, show her a stairway to the stars, to a revelation of new worlds or sensation. It isn't love she wants so much as a chance to "live."

The wine girl must never, ever be called a wino. For she, more than any other type of woman, is a lady of taste. From the sensitivity of her palate to the tenderness of her toes, she feels, she tastes her way through life. Be she a devotee of 59c Port to $15.00 Champagne, she lives with the stars.

Recognizing her is easy. Wine girl is a dreamer. She dotes on atmosphere, but it is not the trusting atmosphere of the Scotch lass, or even the intellectual gymnasium of Ginny. For her the suggestion of moonlight in the positioning of your lamps, the filtered starlight in the slatting of your venetian blinds. Her music is the romantic ballad, the waltz, the love songs of the ages. And the approach to her must be made in a burst of wild, abandoned passion. Her heart, like a gypsy's, can be touched by the lilting strings of a violin.

Naturally, for a date like this, you'll want Champagne. The bubbles tickle her nose and give her ideas of better sensations to follow. Keep her glass well filled. Maintain your mood. This is essential. Don't let her think for herself. That could be fatal. Let her instinct guide her. Allow her to share ideas with you and you'll find that she will even have her emotions outspeeding your own.

And lastly, when you feel she's at the boiling point, shift the music to something of a really rhythmic beat—tangoes are excellent at this point. No real wine girl can resist that form of music. It's as if—well try it yourself. It has to be experienced to be properly understood.

These then, are the types of women usually found in the best of circles, or the worst. In short, they cover the American brand of womanhood.

Now for a few practical hints. First: never leave your liquor in bottles. Women have a nasty habit of reading the labels. And since few of them have as much knowledge of their true requirements as you have, they're apt to ask for the wrong, the opposite—and to you, the failing beverage. So, decant your stuff. Code mark it. Give them what you want them to have. They'll thank you for it, in the end.

Second: be tactful. The ultimate success of any seduction is invariably decided in the first fifteen minutes—in short, during the preliminary rounds. So never rush this vital quarter of an hour. See that the girl is settled; is happy; warm and comfortable. Keep her content and animated. Don't let things drag. Courtesy and gentility have no substitutes on this earth.

And lastly: be alert. The change in a woman's mood from that of a visitor to a guest; from passive interest to positive acceptance; from wariness to feverish demand comes suddenly. You must recognize each sign and act accordingly. In this, as in all things, practice makes perfect. Rome wasn't built in a day; nor was Venus made in a night.

Be patient, but not too patient. After all, they can't all say "No!" forever. Drink hearty mates. Skol!

THE END

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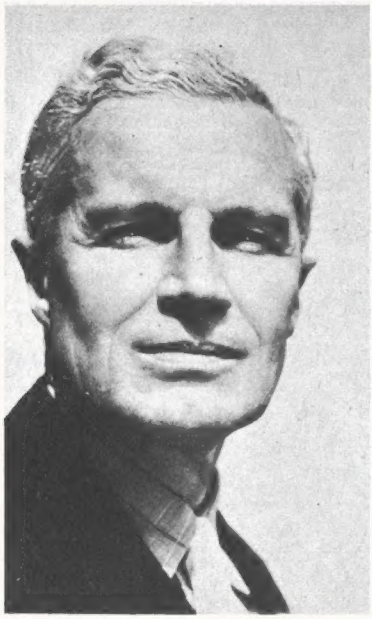

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON
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You can add many dollars to your earnings by taking orders for our beautifully-styled, fine quality made-to-measure suits and skirts for women. Many times husbands sell suits to men, their wives sell suits and skirts to women . . . and the profits roll in! You can too! Outfit contains styles, prices, and simple instructions.

No Experience Needed

It's amazingly easy to take measures, and you don't need any experience to take orders. Everything is simply explained for you to cash in on this wonderful opportunity. Just mail this coupon now and we'll send you this big, valuable outfit filled with more than 100 fine fabrics and everything else you need to start. Include plans to get suit without 1¢ cost. You'll say this is the greatest way to make money you ever saw. Rush the coupon today!

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Our plan makes it easy for you to get your own personal suits, topcoats and overcoats without paying 1c—*in addition* to your big cash earnings. Think of it! Not only do we start you on the road to making big money but we also make it easy for you to get your own clothes without paying one penny. No wonder thousands of men write enthusiastic letters of thanks.

JUST MAIL COUPON You don't invest a penny of your money now or any time. You don't pay money for samples, for outfits, or for your own suit under our remarkable plan. So do as other men have done—mail the coupon now. Don't send a penny. Just send us the coupon.

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I am looking for one woman in each community to earn spare time money as a Friendship Counselor

The work is pleasant and dignified and is with people you already know. Let me send you the facts—FREE OF CHARGE.

BY HELEN HARLEY

A lot of intelligent women today are finding themselves bored by having too much time on their hands. What could be more natural than for these women to see what they could find to keep busy and make some extra money at the same time?

But there is quite a difference between wanting some spare time work and getting the kind of spare time work *you want!* The magazines and newspapers are full of "make money at home" propositions. But you soon discover that 99 out of 100 spare time jobs require that you do some hard personal house-to-house selling!

Now, I have no fault to find with selling. All of us have to be salesmen at one time or another.

The Kind of Spare Time Work You'll Love

It's usually the method of selling that bothers me. If I can find something that I like for myself, and that my friends like and need as much as I do—something that they will actually come over to my house to look at—and really want—without any pushing whatsoever from me—then I've no objection to picking up a few dollars for doing my friends a real favor! In fact, that's how I became a Friendship Counselor in my own community.

I wasn't exactly looking for a job. But I did want to do something more than just keep house, and when a casual friend from another state told me what a wonderful time she was having as a spare time Friendship Counselor, I decided to find out more about it. Aside from the extra money it brings in, I can't begin to tell you of the deep satisfaction I get out of my job.

Also a Chance to Go On a Wonderful Shopping Spree!

It doesn't matter whether you are one of our newest Counselors or a veteran. You get an equal chance to share in $5,000 worth of prizes and prize-money, just for a little extra effort. Only 10 minutes extra a day could get you as much as $500 extra in cash! We tell you all about it, when you send in the coupon.

This is All We Require

Naturally, not everyone can qualify for a position as a Friendship Counselor. The qualities we are looking for are not education, special training, or social position. Age has nothing to do with it, either! The qualities we seek, the right woman was born with! If you have good artistic taste, a friendly personality that makes people feel at home, and an hour or two a day to spare, you have the right background.

Greater Need Than Ever Before for Friendship Counselors

I don't think it necessary to emphasize the growing importance of maintaining friendly social relations. Most people today wouldn't dream of going through a Christmas Season without sending at least a Christmas Card to their many friends and acquaintances. And then there is the problem of the right ribbon and paper in which to wrap the gifts—the right card for the special birthday—the proper stationery to use as "thank-you" notes, "get-well" messages and as other thoughtful reminders.

It doesn't take much of an imagination to appreciate that anyone who can be of help to people in supplying the right wishes or condolences or remembrances is rendering a special kind of service that spreads good cheer far and wide.

Wouldn't you like to find out all about this fascinating new kind of spare time counseling that is so much in demand today?

COUPON AT LEFT PROVIDES EVERYTHING!

The postcard at left entitles you to receive our latest Friendship Counselor's kit, which contains a complete display of Personal Stationery, Correspondence Notes, Greeting Cards for All-Occasions, Gift Wrappings, Children's Gift Items, as well as our popular Name-Imprinted Christmas Card Selection (also included are 4 new boxed assortments of Christmas Cards sent for approval). You owe it to yourself to investigate this friendly spare time type of self-employment in which so many women are pleasantly serving the needs of their communities and at the same time are earning a well-deserved income.

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